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SEPT. 18, 1957

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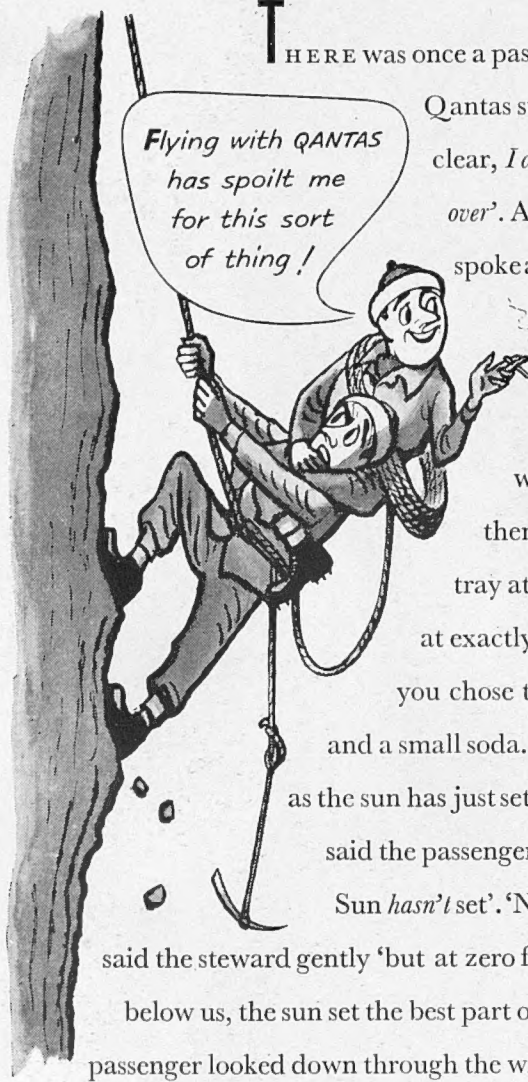
Elegant afternoon dress  
in fine wool crepe...the softly  
swathed line flows gracefully into a  
side panel. In the newest Autumn  
shades, and of course, in black.  
9½ gns.

(Brooch not included.)

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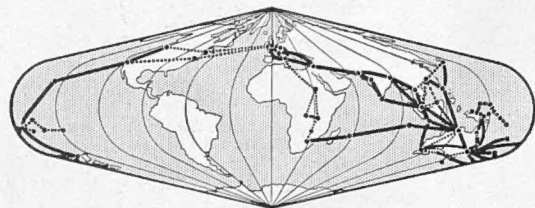
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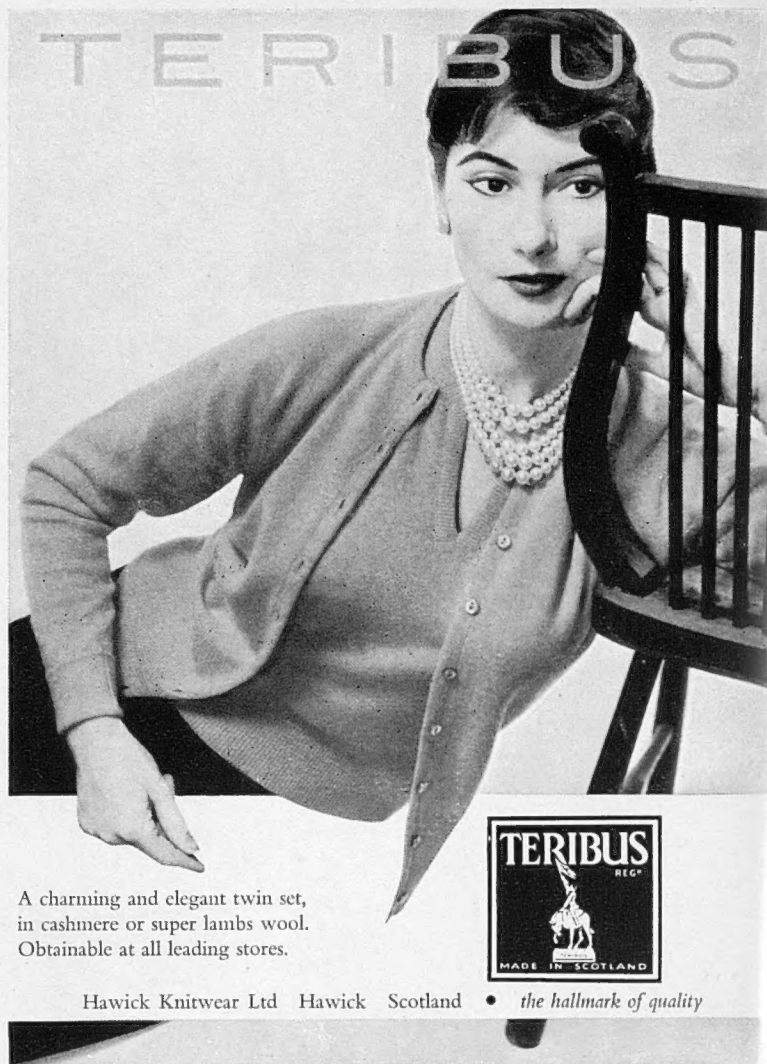
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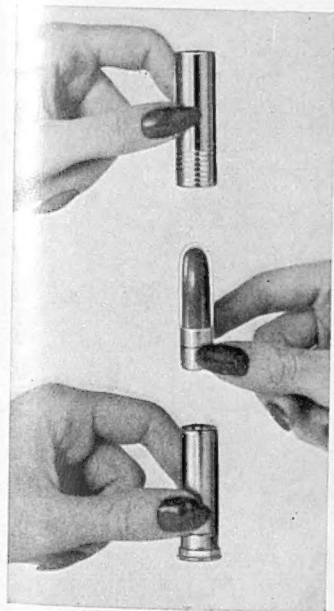
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# Edwardians

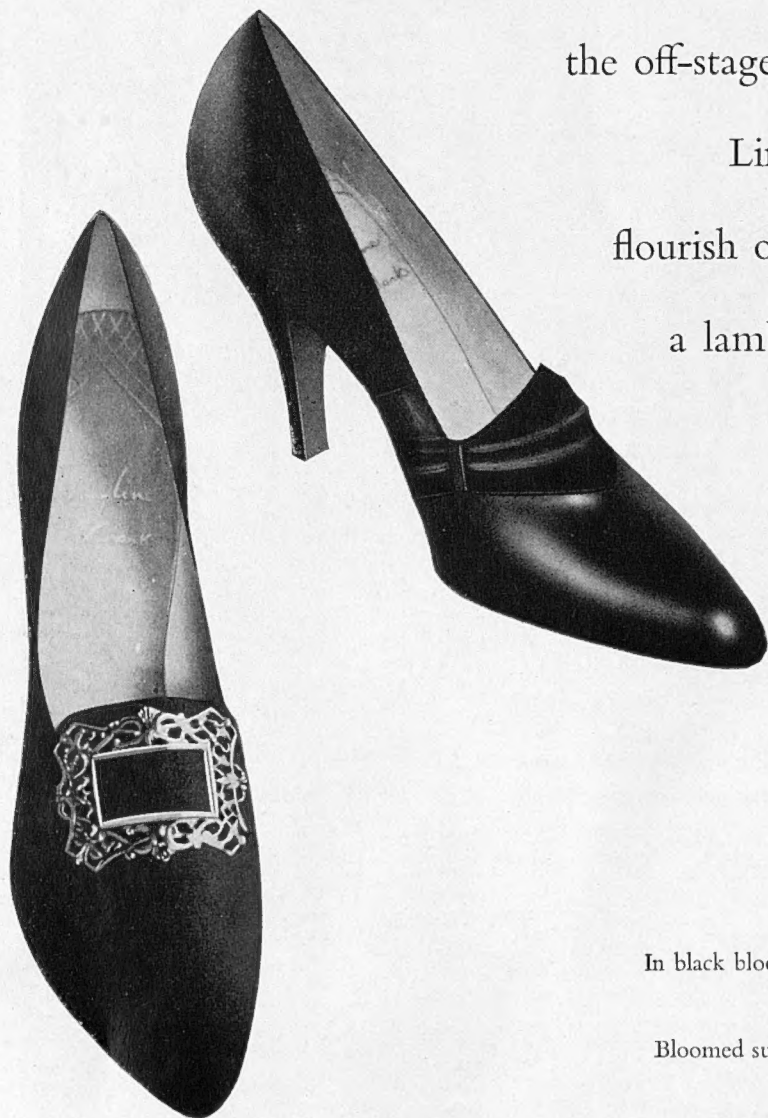
Edwardian Romantics . . .

the chaise-longue shoe,

the off-stage Edwardian court.

Lines with the coquetry and  
flourish of a fan, buckles with  
a lambent gleam. High-arched insteps,  
high-curved heels.

All eyes for pretty ankles.



*Left* TRINKET 79s. 9d.

In black bloomed suede with gunmetal buckle. Widths AA or B.

*Above* FRONTPAGE 89s. 9d.

Bloomed suede and calfskin, in blue or black. Widths AA or B.

*Opposite page* HUMMINGBIRD 89s. 9d.

In bloomed suede (red or mushroom). Widths AA or B.



in *Skyline* by Clarks

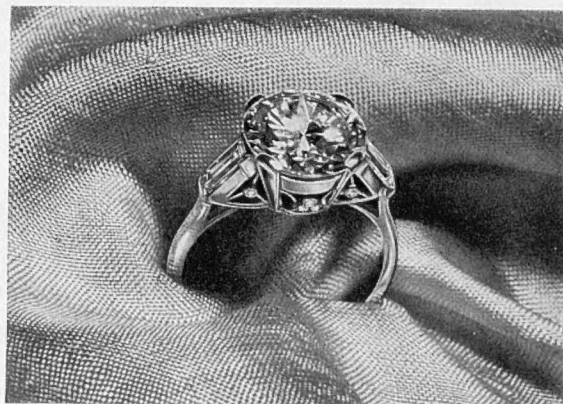
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TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
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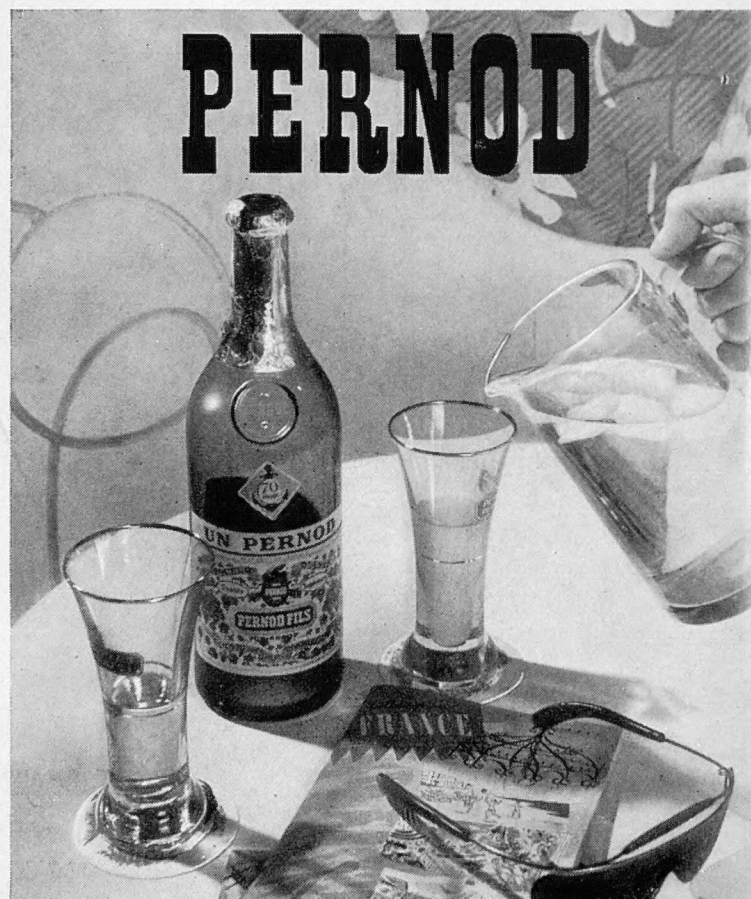
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MISS ANNABELLA DRUMMOND, nineteen-year-old daughter of the late Major Cyril Drummond and of Mrs. J. C. Quinnell, of Cadland, Fawley, Hants, and the stepdaughter of Air Commodore Quinnell, is to be married next month to Mr. Arthur Talbot-Rice, of Castle Weir, Lyonsall, Herefordshire, son of the Hon. Mrs. Talbot-Rice. She was presented last year, and shared a coming-out dance at Claridge's with Lady Angela Cecil. Miss Drummond is the niece of the late Mr. Marshall Field, of the U.S.A., where she lived for six years. She is very fond of travelling, and is also interested in opera and classical music, horses and yachting

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From September 18 to September 25

**Sept. 18 (Wed.)** Anglo-Chilean Society luncheon. 12.30 p.m. at the Dorchester.

United Services Tattoo, Gillingham, Kent (to 20th).

First night: *Hamlet*, at the Old Vic.

Racing: Ayr (Western Meeting, three days). Brighton, Yarmouth.

**Sept. 19 (Thu.)** Thame Agricultural and Horse Show. Thame, Oxon.

International Sheepdog Trials, Loughborough. Leics. (to 21st).

Innsbruck and Salzburg International Air Rally, Innsbruck (to 22nd).

Watch and Jewellery Trade Fair, Royal Albert Hall (to 25th).

Handicrafts Exhibition, Earls Court (to 28th).

First night: *All Kinds Of Men*, Arts Theatre.

Racing: Ayr, Brighton, Yarmouth.

**Sept. 20 (Fri.)** Archery at the Hurlingham Club: The Ilkley Arrow (women), and The Long Bow Society (men).

Dance: Mrs. Ridley-Day, small dance for Miss Barbara Ridley-Day, at Sibton Park, Lyminge.

Racing: Ayr, Kempton Park, Haydock Park.

**Sept. 21 (Sat.)** Brighton Sea Angling Festival (and 22nd).

Dr. Johnson Celebrations and Supper, Lichfield, Staffs.

Lawn Tennis: Men v. Bar L.T. Society, at Hurlingham.

Racing: Kempton Park, Haydock Park, Bogside. Redcar. Steeplechasing: Uttoxeter.

**Sept. 22 (Sun.)** Concert at the Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m. Soloists Myra Hess and Isaac Stern.

**Sept. 23 (Mon.)** Southport Music Festival, Southport, Lancs (to 28th).

Dance: The Hon. Mrs. Lindsay for Miss Jane Lindsay, The Adam Rooms, Edinburgh.

Racing: Windsor, Hamilton Park, Leicester.

**Sept. 24 (Tue.)** First Perth Hunt Ball.

Royal Horticultural Society's Autumn Show (two days), Horticultural Halls, Westminster.

First night: *Samson And Delilah*, Sadler's Wells.

Racing: Windsor, Leicester.

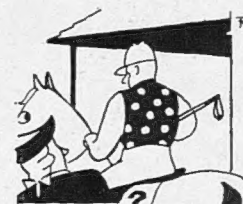
**Sept. 25 (Wed.)** Shire Foal Stakes Show and Autumn Shire Show, Derby.

First night: Wagner season, Covent Garden.

Amateur Athletic Association Floodlit International Meeting: England v. Poland, at the White City.

Association Football: Wales v. Eastern Germany, Cardiff.

Racing: Pontefract. Steeplechasing: Plumpton, Ludlow, Perth Hunt.



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For cocktails?

Black suit, in an unusual worsted weave. Notice particularly the collar, pockets, bottom of jacket—trimmed with black grosgrain. Bracelet length sleeve, turn-back cuff

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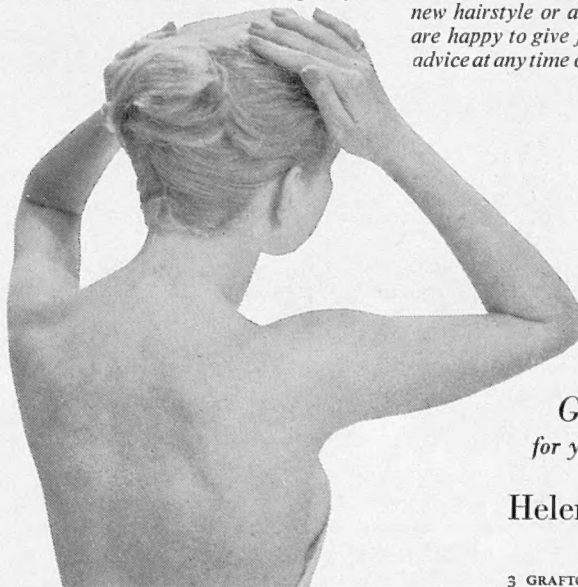
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Peter Clark

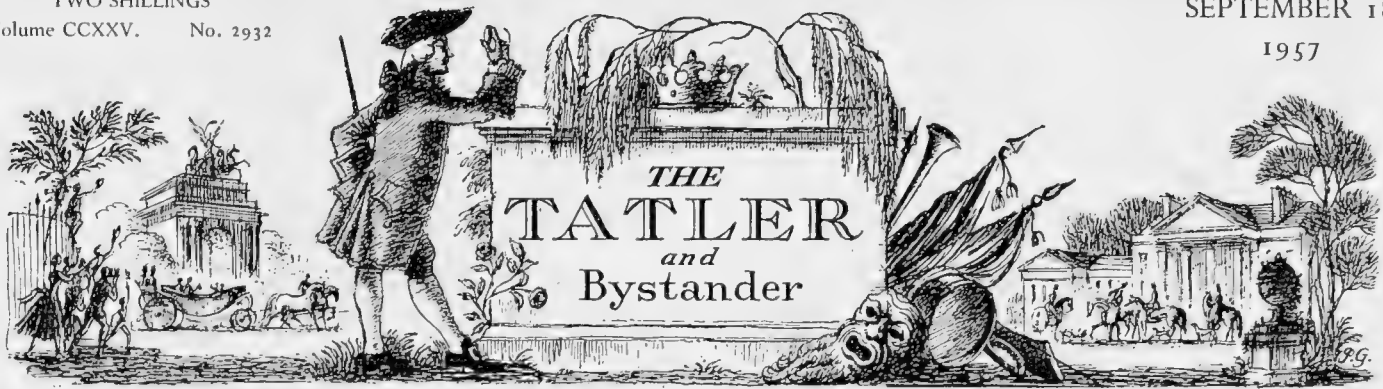
## *We chose this in Paris . . .*

Canard Bleu wool coat, of supremely simple cut; with a warm shawl collar most becomingly curved. The band-and-button panel detail conceals the fastening and two hip-high pockets. Model Size 48 gns.

by JEAN DESSES—photographed at Neuilly

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Bassano

## Mrs. Charles Breitmeyer and her sons

HERE in her beautiful London home is Mrs. Charles Breitmeyer. In this charming family group are her children: Hugo, aged six, Peter four, and Henry who was

born last February. Mrs. Breitmeyer is the wife of Mr. Charles Breitmeyer, who is a lawyer, and the daughter of Mr. Peter Carew, of Warnicombe House, Tiverton, Devon



*Mr. and Mrs. John Drummond waiting with their daughter, Miss April Drummond, in the Armoury*

*Miss Serena Clark-Hall, Sir James Cayzer, Bt., the Hon. P. Conolly-Carew and Miss A. Leslie*

*Miss Rose Lycett Green and the Duke of Atholl, who succeeded the ninth Duke last May*



*The Hon. Simon Rollo and Miss Gina H. Drummond Moray*



*The Hon. Greville Napier with Miss Mary Tinney*



*Megginch Castle floodlit to welcome the guests to the party*

## CARIBBEAN RHYTHMS IN A SCOTTISH CASTLE DANCE

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. John Drummond of Megginch gave a dance for their daughter, Miss April Drummond, at their home Megginch Castle, Perthshire, the dungeons became a night club with a Caribbean setting

*Mrs. Graham Pilcher and Mr. Shane Cleland*





Miss Diana Anstruther-Gray  
with Mr. Alan Macintosh



Mr. John Thouron was with  
Miss Leslie Stephenson



Miss Jacqueline Ansley and  
Mr. Ian Walker



Miss Sarah Platt and Mr.  
David Buchan



Miss Christina Morison with  
Mr. Ian Macrae



Mr. John Halford and Miss  
Mary Fox



Miss Vicky Aykroyd and Mr.  
Alastair Leslie



Mrs. Humphrey Evans and  
Major R. Buchanan-Jardine

## Social Journal

Jennifer

# THE QUEEN'S "NEW WORLD" VISIT

IN less than a month—on October 12—the Queen and Prince Philip are due to land in Canada, at the R.C.A.F. station, Uplands Airport. From here they will drive to Rideau Hall, Government House, Ottawa, where, as the new Canadian Prime Minister Mr. Diefenbaker so courteously put it, the Queen will begin “her four-day residence as Queen of Canada.” During this time Her Majesty will make history when she opens the Canadian Parliament on October 14, by being the first reigning monarch to carry out this ceremony. Unlike our opening of Parliament, which always takes place in the morning, the opening in Ottawa takes place at 3 p.m. The State dinner that evening will be followed by a state reception at Government House.

On October 16 they go on from Ottawa to America, where they land in Virginia, visit the Jamestown Festival, and spend the night at the Williamsburg Inn. Next day the Queen and Prince Philip fly to Washington where they will be the guests of the President of the United States of America and Mrs. Eisenhower at the White House, where that evening there will be a state dinner, while the Queen and Prince Philip will be hosts to the President and Mrs. Eisenhower at the British Embassy two nights later. On the second day of their stay in Washington they will attend an afternoon reception to be given by the British Ambassador and Lady Caccia at the British Embassy, and on the last night of their visit they will dine privately with the Australian Ambassador and Lady Spender at the Australian Embassy.

Besides those few engagements I have mentioned, there are many more arranged for both the Queen and Prince Philip, so that it will be a very busy trip. The one day they have in New York before they

leave by air for London looks like being very packed too. As I write it is planned that they should lunch with the Mayor of New York, Mr. Robert Wagner, at the Waldorf Astoria, visit the United Nations in the afternoon, in the evening attend an enormous gathering—the dinner in their honour being given jointly by the Pilgrims and the English Speaking Union—and finally attend a Commonwealth Ball at the Seventh Regiment Armoury, which is being arranged by the Commonwealth Societies in New York, before boarding the aeroplane to fly home.

★ ★ ★

I RECENTLY spent one of the most interesting and enjoyable days of my life when I went down to Luton Hoo, near St. Albans, and lunched with that very intelligent and gracious personality Lady Zia Wernher and her quiet and charming brother Count Torby, who is a talented painter and has done, among other works, some exquisite flower and fruit paintings. Sir Harold Wernher was in London for business meetings so could not join us.

For several years I had longed to see Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher's lovely home and the famous Wernher collection, which includes so many fabulous treasures and works of art, but never did I dream that it could be so enthralling. Luton Hoo is now opened annually to the public on Sundays and weekdays (except Tuesdays and Fridays) from Easter Saturday to the first Sunday in October. This year Sir Harold and Lady Wernher have also opened the gardens which are extremely well laid out, and include many rare and beautiful

[Continued overleaf]



A. F. Kersting

*THE PORTICO of Luton Hoo was erected by Smirke after he had completed the main front in 1816. Robert Adam's magnificent design of the 1760s had not been fully completed*

plants and flowering shrubs. The flower beds and herbaceous borders were a blaze of colour when I was there. These gardens (which slope down to a large lake) and the house are surrounded by a very fine park which was originally laid out by the famous "Capability" Brown, about 1765, while Robert Adam was altering and beautifying the house, which later suffered serious damage by fire in 1843. The house was rebuilt about 1850 after the fire, with little alteration to the façade which had been shored up, and the mansion which stands today is a very fine one.

Sir Harold's father, the late Sir Julius Wernher, whose family dates back to 1560, did many alterations which now reflect the grandeur of the Edwardian period, and he also started the great Wernher art collection soon after he bought Luton Hoo in 1903. Until his death in 1912, Sir Julius collected not only some of the finest examples of pictures and tapestries, but also an incomparable collection of medieval ivories, Renaissance jewels and bronzes, Limoges enamels and Italian maiolica. Sir Harold inherited Luton Hoo and all its treasures in 1945 on the death of his mother, whose lifelong hobby was collecting English porcelain, especially Chelsea, Bow and Worcester porcelain, many fine pieces of which are on view today.

SIR HAROLD has brought further treasures to Luton Hoo to enhance the collection, greatly enriching the splendid examples of English furniture and Dutch pictures. The formal dining-room is something I shall long remember. On the fine marble walls is a striking set of Beauvais tapestries, and the long dining-table is set for eighteen persons with gold plate (the gold plated on silver), much of which is of royal origin, and exquisite Bohemian-cut crystal bearing the monogram "E.M." This originally belonged to the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Michaelovna of Russia, and is an heirloom in Lady Zia's family. What I personally enjoyed seeing as much as anything at Luton Hoo were the many exquisite jewelled objects, the work of the great Russian designer Peter Carl Fabergé, who was jeweller to Alexander III and Nicholas II, the two last Czars of Russia between 1881 and 1917. These are Lady Zia Wernher's contribution to the works of art on view. She inherited most of this priceless collection—possibly the finest in this country—from her parents, the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the Countess Torby, who were among Fabergé's patrons. The Grand Duke Michael was the grandson of the Emperor Nicholas I of Russia, and a great grandson of Catherine the Great, and at one time lived at Kenwood in Middlesex. Lady Zia's maternal great-grandfather was Alexander Pushkin, the Russian national poet, and one of his manuscripts is displayed at Luton Hoo.

I also saw the Brown Jack Room, largely devoted to Brown Jack, Sir Harold's famous racehorse who ended his days happily in the paddocks at Luton Hoo, after winning the Alexandra Stakes at Royal Ascot for six successive years, as well as innumerable other important

aces. Also recorded there are the triumphs of Lady Zia's famous home-bred mare Meld, now at their Someries House Stud at Newmarket, who made racing history in 1955 when she won the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, the Coronation Stakes and the St. Leger.

After a truly wonderful afternoon I left hoping that one day I might have another chance to look at these fine treasures. I brought away with me a new and most interesting, and exceptionally well produced book called *The History And Treasures Of Luton Hoo*, with a great number of illustrations of the important items, all compiled by the very efficient Curator Mr. M. Urwick Smith. If you are contemplating a trip to Luton Hoo, which is only thirty miles from London, next year (this season is nearly ended), a copy of this book to read during the winter, so that you will know about the treasures when you see them, would I am sure add joy to your first visit. It is now obtainable at booksellers or from Luton Hoo, price only half a crown.

Dr. Johnson, visiting Luton Hoo with Boswell in 1781, said:

This is one of the places I do not regret having come to see. It is a very stately place indeed. The library is very splendid, the dignity of the rooms is very great, and the quantity of pictures is beyond expectation, beyond hope.

Although the library of those days no longer exists, and the Wernher collection was not there when Dr. Johnson made his visit, I am sure those sentiments must be shared today by all who visit Luton Hoo.

★ ★ ★

I FLEW out to the beautiful Mediterranean island of Majorca to stay with friends for the weekend on my way to Antibes. The sun shone the whole time, as it so often does in Majorca, and the sea seemed a deeper and clearer blue than ever. I was a little disconcerted on landing at Palma to hear nearly as many English and American voices as Spanish! Most of the new arrivals, it seemed, were going to a small town or village on this lovely coastline which is rich in bays, banked with very green parasol pines. To the west I found friends going to Puguera where there is the very comfortable Villamil Hotel, or a little farther on to Camp de Mar or the bigger Andraitx. A few went south to St. Arenal on Palma bay, or Campos, one of the farthest points south. The west and north-west coasts have their "regulars" too, at Cala Retjade, at Alcudia where among the hotels there is the Golf Hotel right on the sea with a sandy beach, at the enchanting little port of Pollensa, and at the beautiful Formentor where there is just one big hotel, and several private villas, but no village or shops. To approach here by land, you have a perilous drive round a mountain road from Pollensa, but you can also go across by water. The bay farthest north is Cala San Vicente, where a new hotel which I heard was modern and good, called the Molins Hotel, has been built during the past year and opened this season.

There were, too, many visitors who went no farther than the outskirts of Palma for their hotel. Among the best of these is the big and luxurious Maricel and the Bendinat which is extremely comfortable and superbly run by Miss Peterson. Among the visitors here were Mr. and Mrs. James Senior—who flew out via Paris on the same plane as I did—Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet, who flew from Ireland and spent the first week of September at Camp de Mar before they left to spend a week or ten days in Minorca, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Swinden—he left earlier to join a party shooting in Scotland—and Count and Countess Tobolski and her brother Mr. Hunter with his daughter Miss Sally Hunter, who were all having a wonderful time at Puguera. Two more of the visitors, Señor and Señora Carlos Rodriguez, were at the Formentor Hotel with two of their daughters before going on to Rome and Turkey. Señor Rodriguez was Venezuelan Ambassador at the Court of St. James's from 1950 to 1952, when he returned to Venezuela to take up his legal profession again; they are coming to London on their way home, and will be staying at Claridge's for a few days in October.

QUITE a lot of people own or rent villas on the island. Sir John and Lady Dashwood have been spending the summer at their villa at Andraitx; while Prince and Princess Weikersheim have had the same villa at Cala San Vicente that they rented last summer. Their very attractive daughter, Cecilia, joined them after staying with relatives in Italy, also Miss Camilla Roberts who originally came out to Majorca in August with a young party including the Marquess of Hamilton, Lord O'Neill, and her cousin Miss Sheelin Maxwell. Camilla had the misfortune to cut her foot very badly on a broken bottle, and was laid up for some time, so that when I met her with Prince and Princess Weikersheim, she was only just able to put a toe to the ground. Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Campbell and their young family have also been spending the summer at the villa they have taken for several seasons at Cala San Vicente.

Señor and Señora Lucien de Cardenas were at their lovely home with one of the most beautiful gardens on the island near Pollensa. Señora de Cardenas's nephew M. Douglas Auffmordis and his wife have been spending the summer at their new villa right on the beach at Formentor. Others who have been enjoying weeks of glorious sunshine and superb bathing from villas around Formentor bay are American Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Woodward, who have a lovely villa and walled garden with

bougainvilleas in profusion all along the walls. I met that gay and vivacious personality the Marchesa Carmen Esnault-Peltre who was at her delightful villa right on the sea, also gay with bougainvilleas. She had Mr. and Mrs. Edward Heywood-Lonsdale and their three children staying.

Formentor is ideal for children, especially once they can swim. No one was enjoying their holidays more than the Hon. Peter Mond and his six-year-old sister the Hon. Kerena Mond, whose parents Lord and Lady Melchett once again took a villa here. Peter I saw sailing a boat with great skill, and his little sister was a picture aquaplaning daily behind a speed boat with no fear, and going quite beautifully. Kerena left for England with her father and was going to stay for a week with young friends at Bembridge, while Peter went on to Italy with Lady Melchett to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Millard at their villa for a week.

Among the Melchett's guests at Formentor were the Minister of Defence Mr. Duncan Sandys, and earlier Viscountess Bearsted and her young daughters. Lord Melchett's mother, Gwen Lady Melchett, who arrived before they left with the Hon. Mrs. Dorothy Macalpine, was going to spend most of the month of September at the villa.

I LUNCHEd with Mr. Whitney Straight and his attractive wife Lady Daphne Straight at the charming villa they have built at Formentor, which is truly one of the most perfect homes on the island, cleverly designed by Sir Hugh Casson who has also helped Lady Daphne with much of the very modern and delightful décor. It is built high on the rocks overlooking the sea with a hard tennis court and its own harbour which had to be constructed for Mr. Whitney Straight's fine motor boat and smaller fibre glass speedboat. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, spent a really restful holiday staying with the Straights with his attractive wife and young daughter Victoria, who both stayed on after he had had to return to his duties. Lady Daphne, in her usual calm manner, was coping with a houseful the whole time, as not only did she have Victoria Thorneycroft as companion for her own five-year-old daughter Amanda, but also Earl and Countess Beatty's enchanting five-year-old daughter Lady Diana Beatty and their three nannies!

Mr. Straight's very charming mother, Mrs. Elmhirst, was staying there, also their elder daughter, Camilla, who is a most attractive and very unspoilt girl with wonderful manners. She also had some of her young friends staying at the villa, including her cousin, Miss Tania Tiarks, a débutante this year, Mr. Tim Rathbone, Mr. John de Norman and Mr. Ian Cameron. Mr. Straight, who is one of the most able administrators and business executives in the world today, had to return to England to the Farnborough Air Show, and after that was only able to get out to Formentor for weekends during this month, as he has so many business responsibilities.

Next to the Straight's new villa is Mr. and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic's beautiful villa, one of the most enchanting and gracious summer homes

[Continued overleaf]



The Blue Hall at Luton Hoo was the entrance hall formerly, and stands in the centre of the house. Here the visitor gets his first impression of the ornate French decorations introduced by the late Sir Julius Wernher



The splendid marble hall with Bergonzoli's Cupid & Psyche



The English Room, devoted to English 18th-century pictures

Lady Caroline Price, a daughter of the Earl of Tyrconnel and the wife of Sir Uvedale Price, an amateur landscape gardener of distinction; a fine example of Sir Joshua Reynolds' work, painted in the year 1787





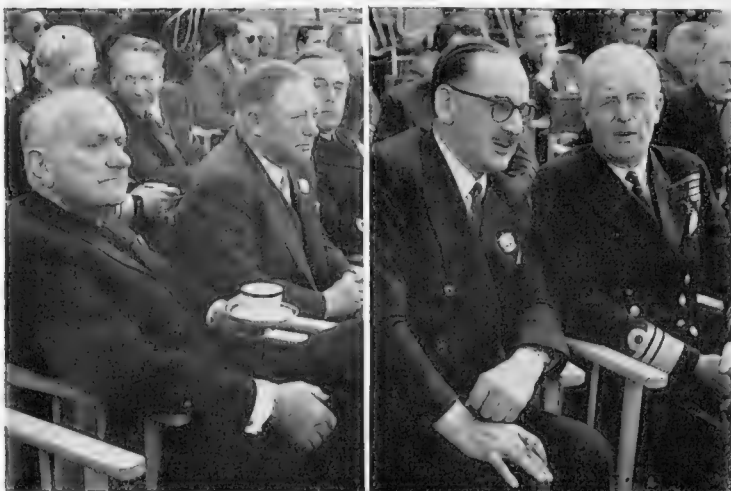
## FLYING BRITISH

ALTHOUGH guided missiles were a feature of this year's S.B.A.C. Air Show at Farnborough, the aircraft attracted most of the visitors as this scene from under a Beverley's wing indicates. Valiant Mk. I next camera



Mr. C. Uwins, S.B.A.C. President,  
Mr. E. C. Bouyer, Director

Mr. W. J. Taylor, Mr. C. I. Orr-  
Ewing, ACM Sir Dermot Boyle



Sir Frederick Handley Page  
with Sir Roy Dobson

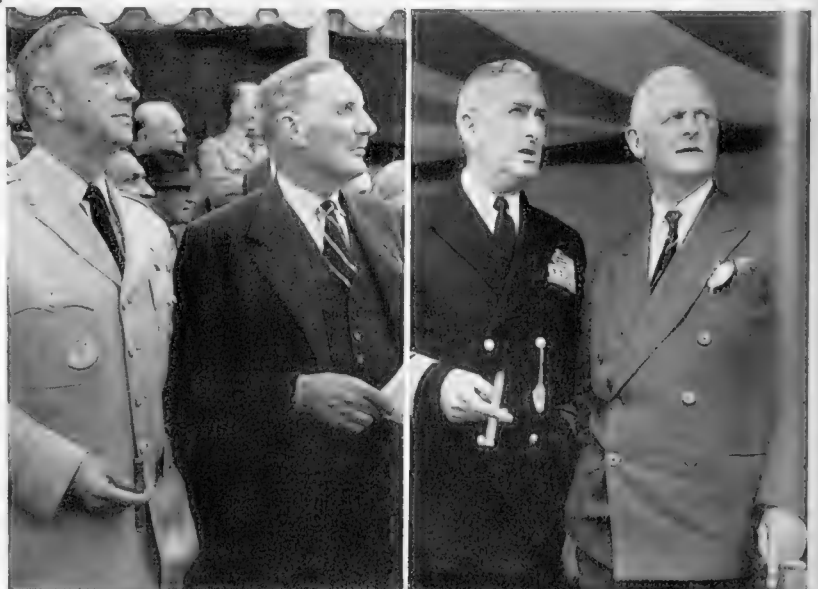
Mr. E. D. Clarke and Vice-  
Admiral W. T. Couchman

on the island. Mr. Ivanovic and his lovely wife have also had a houseful since they arrived at the villa at the end of July. Besides their own three children, fifteen-year-old Bozo who is at Winchester and left Formentor before his parents to stay with friends to shoot in Scotland, thirteen-year-old Minja and seven-year-old Andrija who all swim like fishes, and handle dinghies very ably (among their craft was a very modern Plexiglass dinghy which came from the U.S.), they had Mr. Ivanovic's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. Neil McLean, M.P. for Inverness, and Mrs. McLean and several of their children staying before they returned to their home in Scotland. Later, after they left, American Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hare, who now live in London, and their teenage daughters Alix and Margaret, came to stay, also Mr. Eric Weinmann from New York and Washington, with his little son and daughter Peter and Gail, Miss Jeannie Illingworth, Mrs. Robin McAlpine with Miss Caroline McAlpine and Mr. John Bennett who is British Consul in Khorramshahr and a very old friend of the host from their Cambridge days, when incidentally they both got Blues.

Mr. Ivanovic, who is one of the most brilliant underwater fishermen, and has written several interesting books on the subject of his underwater experiences all over the world, has a most exciting new and very modern boat this year, especially to carry out this hobby, which he begins most mornings at Formentor at about 6 a.m. He has named it Taro after the delightful legend of the sea. The boat, built in England for him by Thorncrofts, is beautifully designed with every inch utilized. The hull is teak and painted blue and white, while the inside is lined entirely with pastel Formica which looks so cool and clean, never chips or marks, and is easy to keep clean. There is a special opening at the back for landing fish, or descending into the water with all the equipment, fish storage arrangements and cold storage for provisions, and very luxurious and comfortable sleeping berths for six. The mattresses for sunbathing on deck, I noticed, were all covered in palest blue Terylene, which is excellent for this purpose as, however hot the sun may be, it does not retain the heat.

MR. IVANOVIC'S unique and wonderful mother, Mme. Banac, who radiates happiness wherever she goes and is loved by so many friends all over the world, was here to enjoy and entertain the family party and friends daily, either for bathing and snacks, or luncheon and dinner. Her hospitality is unbounding wherever she is. She sailed in for a couple of weeks in her motor-yacht, now called Daska, formerly known as the Deo Juvanti II, which she bought earlier this year from Prince Rainier of Monaco (who spent his honeymoon on board). Staying with her in the yacht was her very charming cousin, Mme. Tzvetkovitch who was down from Paris where she now lives with her husband.

Besides visiting Mme. Banac during the day, we went on board one evening when the moon was full and the sea very calm, and the restful beauty of the bay was beyond description. The day after I left, Mme. Banac, with several friends in her yacht, was leaving for a cruise visiting, she hoped, Naples, Capri and Ischia. Other families who have been in Formentor bay in their yachts in recent weeks were Mr. and Mrs. Pop d'Erlanger accompanied by their two daughters Penelope and Minnie M. and Mme. Louis Franck with their son and daughter, Eric and Martine, and Miss Jane Allday. Other young people who have been enjoying a holiday on this island are Miss Sally Probart Jones, whom I saw water ski-ing extremely gracefully, Mr. John Adams, Mr. Richard Hawkins, Mr. Ian Rankin and Mr. Tim Thornton.



General C. V. R. Schuyler with  
Sir Christopher Steel

Desmond O'Neill  
Rear-Admiral Paul Ramsey and  
Lord Teynham



Miss Sarah Legard and Miss Anne Brotherton, for whom the party was given. Kirkham Abbey is the home of Mrs. Brotherton



Miss Margaret Pierce and Mr. Gordon White enjoying a glass of champagne in the marquee

## A YORKSHIRE PARTY

AT KIRKHAM ABBEY, near York, Mrs. L. Brotherton and Mrs. Percy Legard gave an "At Home" for their daughters when 300 guests enjoyed a very gay evening

Lord Gisborough and Miss Katharine Worsley

Miss Virginia Aked and Mr. John Nicholson



The Hon. Mary Rose Peake and Mr. C. Royden



Miss Vivian Walker and Mr. Charles Henderson



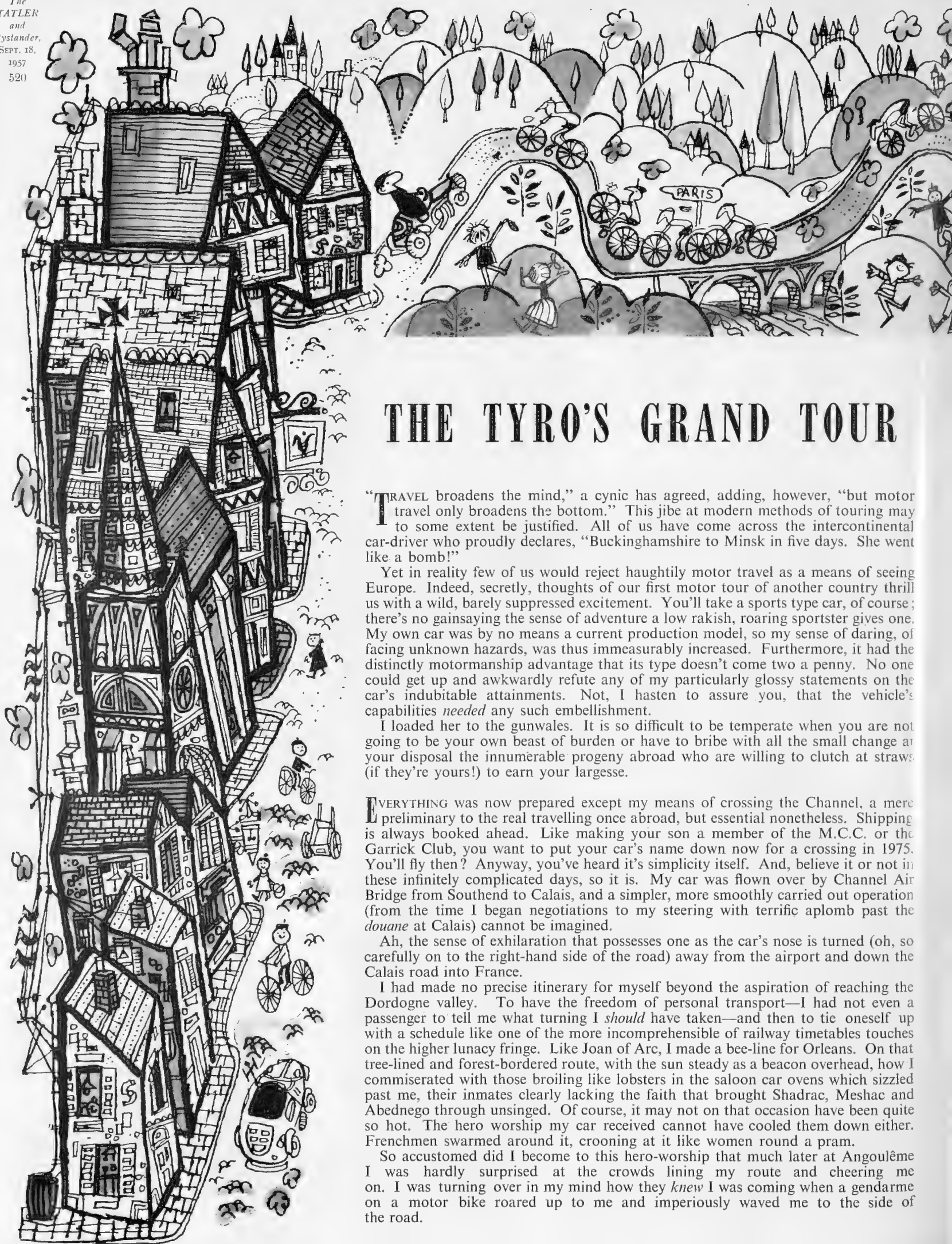
Van Hallan  
Miss Elisabeth Grimston and Viscount Pollington, son and heir of the Earl of Mexborough



Mr. T. Miesegaes, Miss R. Platt, Mr. N. Reynolds



Miss Annabell Ley and Mr. Oliver Colthurst



## THE TYRO'S GRAND TOUR

"TRAVEL broadens the mind," a cynic has agreed, adding, however, "but motor travel only broadens the bottom." This jibe at modern methods of touring may to some extent be justified. All of us have come across the intercontinental car-driver who proudly declares, "Buckinghamshire to Minsk in five days. She went like a bomb!"

Yet in reality few of us would reject haughtily motor travel as a means of seeing Europe. Indeed, secretly, thoughts of our first motor tour of another country thrill us with a wild, barely suppressed excitement. You'll take a sports type car, of course; there's no gainsaying the sense of adventure a low rakish, roaring sportster gives one. My own car was by no means a current production model, so my sense of daring, of facing unknown hazards, was thus immeasurably increased. Furthermore, it had the distinctly motormanship advantage that its type doesn't come two a penny. No one could get up and awkwardly refute any of my particularly glossy statements on the car's indubitable attainments. Not, I hasten to assure you, that the vehicle's capabilities *needed* any such embellishment.

I loaded her to the gunwales. It is so difficult to be temperate when you are not going to be your own beast of burden or have to bribe with all the small change at your disposal the innumerable progeny abroad who are willing to clutch at straws (if they're yours!) to earn your largesse.

EVERYTHING was now prepared except my means of crossing the Channel, a mere preliminary to the real travelling once abroad, but essential nonetheless. Shipping is always booked ahead. Like making your son a member of the M.C.C. or the Garrick Club, you want to put your car's name down now for a crossing in 1975. You'll fly then? Anyway, you've heard it's simplicity itself. And, believe it or not in these infinitely complicated days, so it is. My car was flown over by Channel Air Bridge from Southend to Calais, and a simpler, more smoothly carried out operation (from the time I began negotiations to my steering with terrific aplomb past the *douane* at Calais) cannot be imagined.

Ah, the sense of exhilaration that possesses one as the car's nose is turned (oh, so carefully on to the right-hand side of the road) away from the airport and down the Calais road into France.

I had made no precise itinerary for myself beyond the aspiration of reaching the Dordogne valley. To have the freedom of personal transport—I had not even a passenger to tell me what turning I *should* have taken—and then to tie oneself up with a schedule like one of the more incomprehensible of railway timetables touches on the higher lunacy fringe. Like Joan of Arc, I made a bee-line for Orleans. On that tree-lined and forest-bordered route, with the sun steady as a beacon overhead, how I commiserated with those broiling like lobsters in the saloon car ovens which sizzled past me, their inmates clearly lacking the faith that brought Shadrac, Meshac and Abednego through unsinged. Of course, it may not on that occasion have been quite so hot. The hero worship my car received cannot have cooled them down either. Frenchmen swarmed around it, crooning at it like women round a pram.

So accustomed did I become to this hero-worship that much later at Angoulême I was hardly surprised at the crowds lining my route and cheering me on. I was turning over in my mind how they *knew* I was coming when a gendarme on a motor bike roared up to me and imperiously waved me to the side of the road.



RAYMOND BREWSTER brings a light touch and a wry sense of humour to this traveller's tale—his French motor tour

I was most vexed at this humiliation happening before so large and vocal an audience; and was only partially mollified to see the officious policeman—for so I thought him—overtake the vehicle ahead of me and likewise flag him to a halt. Then I heard cheering in the distance; and unmistakably the false heartiness of loudspeakers. Through the haze up the road, amid a growing tunnel of shouting and waving, came something that resembled an energetic and multi-coloured centipede, its many legs pistoning up and down in ragtime rock 'n' roll. It was the Tour de France, the world's most famous cycle race, and France's passion. As a spectacle, this group of tanned young men in their bright jerseys and black short pants leaves much to be desired; but, as a phenomenon, I was glad that I had seen it. Yet where, I wonder, growing cold at the thought, would Anglo-French relations be if I had met this caravanserai, as I so nearly did, in head-on collision?

SOON, after Orleans, I left the crowded cities, to find myself wandering eventually in the Dordogne valley among the loveliest countryside in the whole world, where a car is ideal and necessary. Here the rivers are more glorious, the flowers more various, the trees more luxuriant and the girls more beautiful than anywhere else. And here, too, where there is no traffic to impede the view, what more admirable use can be made of the car's driving mirror than to watch these girls, flowers of the country themselves, charmingly decorating their landscape? The man who observed that all the architecture in France—new as well as old—was delightful certainly knew his subject.

Among the older beauties I spent a delightful day in the steep little town of Donzenac on the N.20, which I left, farther on, for St. Pardoux-l'Ortigier. Its by-road—quite atrocious, needless to say—wound through extraordinarily remote country. The drive included a precipitous, wiry descent on a too-narrow, barely banked road ominously, and terrifyingly to me, besprinkled with "Camion" warnings, indicating the imminent presence of those wheeled colossuses that pound along every French road. Fortunately it was only near the bottom that I heard the familiar baying sound of a camion's klaxon, like the hunting call of some powerful prehistoric animal, which was somehow appropriate to this geologically old part of France. Satisfactorily, for me at least, we both reached a lay-by together and passed amicably with many a "Bonjour, m'sieur" and "Très gentil, m'sieur" between us. Style, it has been observed, is everything.

Many in these entrancingly uninhabited spots were camping, a back-to-nature pastime which even in such beneficent surroundings requires tenacity. I am too old already for that. Regret did, however, assail me at such places that I had not some commodious station wagon kind of vehicle—nothing Lady Docker-ish—but adequate enough for me to bed down in without changing gear every time I

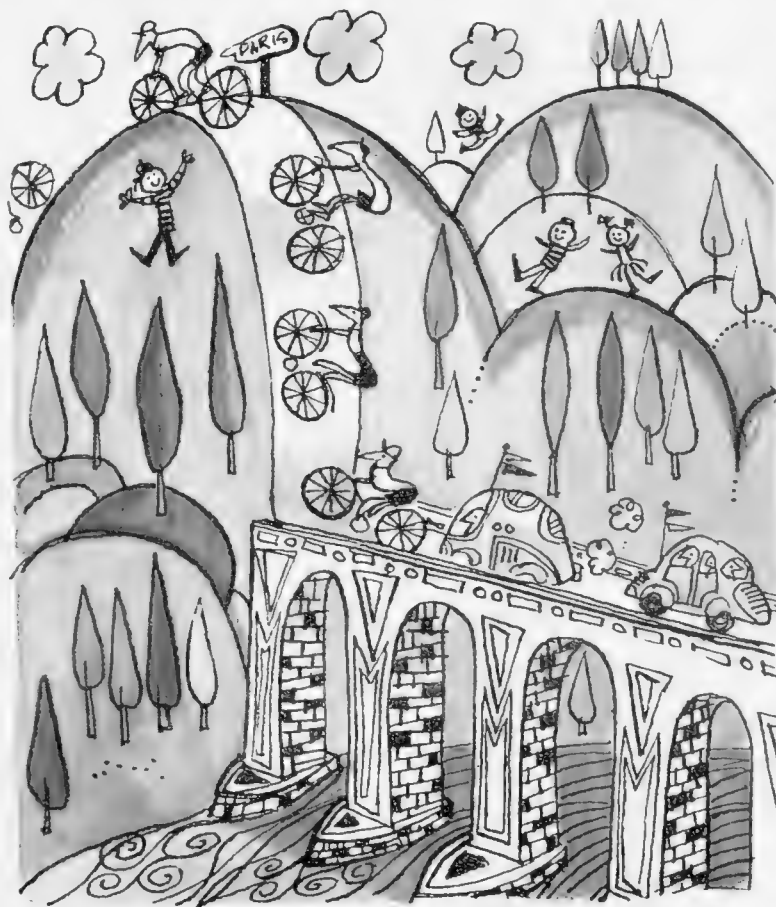
turned over in my sleep. For only a madman, a drunk or a masochist would spend a night in a sports car.

I had toyed with the idea of ending my tour either by sojourning awhile in Poitou or, in that devastating phrase, "doing the châteaux." My car made up my mind for me by having a slight seizure between Angoulême and Poitiers. I found myself marooned in a tiny village on the N.10. Chaunay boasted, luckily for me, a most pleasant wayside hotel, the Hôtel du Commerce, which depended for its existence on motorists. Few could resist its brightly painted exterior, its sunshades inviting in the midday heat, and the sight of others enjoying enormously the good food. After dinner many, replete, decided like Jorrock that "where I eats, I sleeps."

IN the eventuality I saw little of Poitou, being lethargically content to live for a few days the harmoniously humdrum life of the village, watching the young men putting the weight, a healthy pastime, I'm told, often to be seen in this part of France, taking an eager part in the market, gossiping to the hotel proprietor, showing his staff how to make tea *à l'Anglaise*—a difficult task requiring patience!—waiting for the bus, the day's social event and, of course, eating as though tomorrow I was to be isolated with only a coconut tree to provide sustenance. But then, I am not the only returning voyager whose thoughts of home have been marred by recollections of home cooking which, sparsely sustaining as a little nut tree, lacks sadly the enticing pleasure of food abroad.

My dawdling at Chaunay had put paid to any thorough-going château worship. But drivers, beware the beguiling finger-post to Azay-le-Rideau, say, or Chenonceaux. Crush the sudden impulse or quixotic gesture to your fair passenger's "Oh, do let's look at *that* one. I've heard it's *so* good." Don't weaken. You've passed a good score already: make it two score! Else you'll find yourself taken for a ride miles out of your way round the whole Loire countryside. Château-visiting—and I don't include the latest heli-trips in this—needs planning—and time.

Oh, and money. Entrée is possible only at a price. I had neither time nor money. My first motor trip on my own was drawing to a close; and the sight of Chartres Cathedral one evening gave me that "I've been here before" feeling. From now on I knew the road back to the airport from previous driving experience. I was already almost an old hand at continental motoring, with my traveller's tales, my Michelin maps, my local guide books, each proclaiming with assurance its particular district to be the heart of France, an old wine bottle rattling heartlessly in the boot and my G.B. plate proudly caked with the dust of France.



## TO RIDE AT COPENHAGEN

FOUR British entrants in the European Horse Trials Championship taking place next month at Copenhagen, Miss Sheila Willcox on High And Mighty, Mr. E. E. Marsh on Wild Venture, Miss Kit Tetham-Walter on Pampas Cat and Miss Gillian Morrison on Benjamin Bunny, riding out to exercise at Windsor



*Roundabout*

**Paul Dehn**

## COMFORTS FOR THE RESOURCEFUL TRAVELLER

I AM told (I know not how apocryphally) that Freya Stark, who is famous for travelling "hard," is now permitting herself an occasional lapse into itinerant luxury.

Recently, at the end of a tough day's journeying in wildest Greece, she fetched-up at an inn where she produced a rubber hot water bottle, whose like the proprietor had never seen, and a packet of tea which he mistrusted. Both articles were handed to a dubious servant-maid with careful instructions (in the vernacular) as to their proper use and preparation.

An hour later Miss Stark, having retired to bed in pleasurable anticipation of these two small creature-comforts, was presented by the servant-maid with a rubber hot water bottle full of scalding tea.

I, who am less famous for hard travelling, began tapering off into luxury at a much earlier age than Miss Stark. Months before the French bicycling holidays of my already indolent boyhood, I would minutely study a physical map of France, choose a town in one of those reasonably high areas painted mauve or even purple, take a train to it (with my bicycle in the guard's van), and on arrival get out and free-wheel downhill for days and days and days. When the map warned me of an uphill day ahead, I would take another train.

The procedure had two drawbacks—both of which, by my

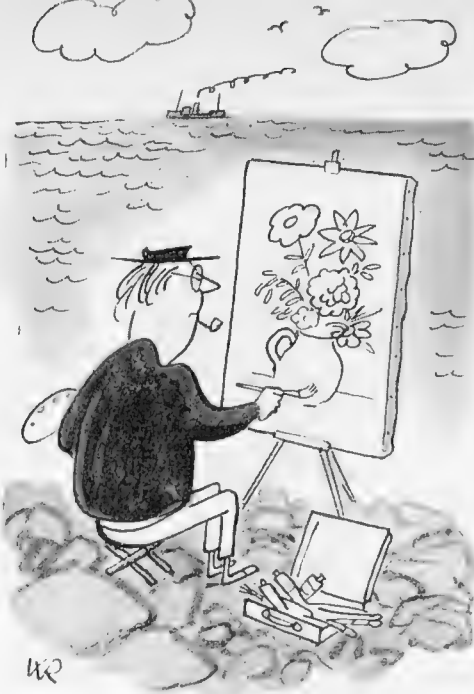
late 'teens, I found intolerable: the frequent absence of a handy railway station at the precise spot where the road began to steepen; and my own tendency, after majestic wayside luncheons, to free-wheel decisively into the nearest ditch.

Accordingly I took to canoeing—having calculated that rivers run downhill all the way and that if you have lunched too well on the banks of the Loire, it is easier to sit bemusedly in your little craft (without even paddling except to steer) and let the stream carry you down to your evening destination at a tranquil four and a half miles an hour.

★ ★ ★

THE problem of retaining one's public sobriety in the face of foreign temptation has exercised me constantly; and I hope I shall always remember the fine example set me, in this matter, by young M. Gilbert Molliet, proprietor of the Hôtel des Messageries at Arbois in the Jura.

I had expressed a not unempirical interest in the stages whereby certain ordinary Juran white wines can, if treated properly, mature into the fabulous local Vin Jaune which looks, tastes and feels like a royal marriage between very dry Spanish sherry and a very smoky Pouilly Fumé.



## LOVE-LETTERS

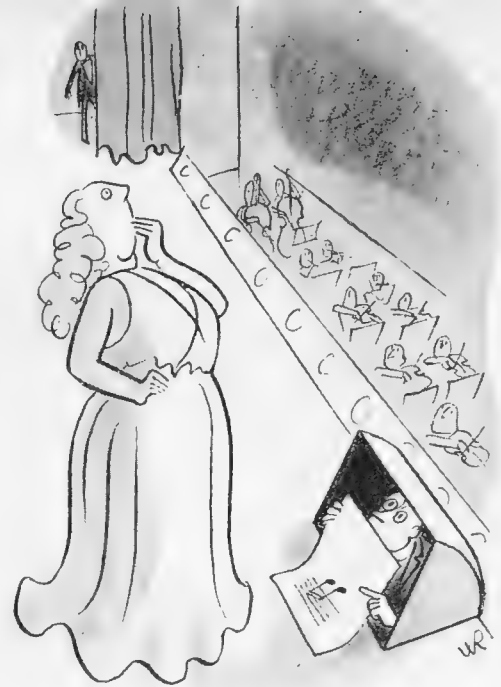
(New Rates)

My love and I live ninety miles apart  
And I must own  
I simply cannot pour what's in my heart  
Into the 'phone.

The letter-post (courtesy P.M.G.)  
Maintained the link.  
We spent our love in terms of stationery  
And stamps and ink.

But new rates brought romance a sudden end  
Because  
My mean ex-love was not prepared to spend  
3d. per oz.

—Margot Crosse



M. Molliet hospitably promised me a *dégustation* on the morrow at cellars in the neighbouring village of Pupillin. His own work at the hotel made it imperative that this tasting should begin at nine-thirty in the morning—a prospect I viewed with sufficient dismay to mention the matter as he drove me towards Pupillin in his car (for I was by now forty) on the following day.

He dipped his hand knowingly into his coat pocket and drew out a large roll of bread. "My late father," he said, "who ran the hotel before me, made me promise before God that whenever my duties made it necessary for me to taste wine in the early morning, I should always carry bread in my pocket to keep my stomach filled. You are at liberty to share it, if you wish."

AT Pupillin we were greeted by the octogenarian cellarer, M. Bouilleray, whose white moustaches cascaded like a divided waterfall on either side of his cavernous mouth; and we plunged, forthwith, from the dazzling sunshine of this little upland village into the dark sunshine of the cellars.

I emerged rather shakily into the noonday heat and apologized to M. Molliet for having been so distracted by my experience that I had clean forgotten to ask him for a share of his bread. "That is the trouble," I said, "with being only an amateur wine-taster. Had I been a professional like you. . ."

M. Molliet had pulled a handkerchief from his coat pocket to mop a glowing brow. I heard his sudden cry: "*Que Dieu et mon père me pardonnent!*" and there untouched lay the bread roll.

★ ★ ★

I COUNT as a memorable meal (though not for gastronomic reasons) the luncheon I had this year in Venice with Sir John Gielgud, who needing a spoon forgot the Italian.

This presented no especial problem for a great English actor versed from childhood, by training and inheritance, in all the

skills of mime; and I watched Sir John treating the waiter to a silent performance which left me limp with admiration.

Gracefully he picked up an invisible spoon by its invisible handle, scooped some non-existent food into its non-existent bowl and raised it not to his mouth—since the completion of so eloquent a gesture was totally unnecessary—but to a point midway between chest and chin.

The waiter brought him a sauceboat.

ON the adjacent island of Torcello I saw a silent performance whose results put Sir John's in the shade.

Seven of us landed here, one silken evening, to be greeted at the derelict, reedy quayside by a very small peasant-boy carrying a slung tray filled with almost the least alluring home-made souvenirs I have ever seen anywhere.

The souvenirs were of two sorts: lobster-claws interlocked to form the miniature likeness of a coral-coloured gondola, and minute sea-horses, sun-dried then *gilded*.

I was about to brush the child sternly away when he infinitesimally shrugged his arms to about a millimetre from where they had hung by his sides, turned both palms beseechingly outwards and raised dark eyes to heaven with a melting look which somehow combined the martyrdom of Joan of Arc at the stake, a chained spaniel-puppy and the bleeding St. Sebastian.

Do you want a gilded sea-horse? Or a lobster-gondola? I bought six of each; and after the child had given precisely the same performance to the other members of the party, his tray was almost empty.

Yet here, at forty-five, I could happily spend an entire holiday eating lotus. Or if I felt unwontedly energetic, I could help to gild sea-horses and make lobster-gondolas.

Provided the child cut me in on a percentage of the proceeds, I should not lack for currency—or contentment.



BRIGGS



by Graham



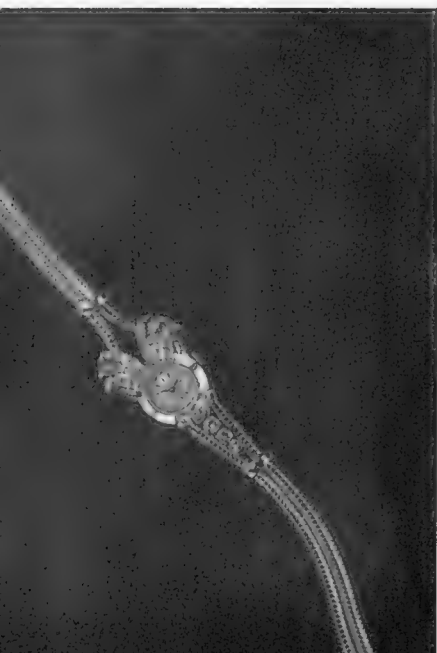
*The Mayflower watch which fits into a special coin case*

## THE ART AND CRAFT OF MODERN JEWELLERY

*ERNLE BRADFORD studies modern work as an introduction to the International Watch and Jewellery Fair opening at the Albert Hall tomorrow*



*The new style of plain gold wedding rings (left), broad and with pierced designs, and three simple gem-set rings*



*An elaborate Swiss cocktail watch in gold and diamonds by Longines (left) and a lady's gold watch (right) by Rodania*



SOME magnificent examples of diamond brooches and bracelets are on view at the Albert Hall in the Third International Watch and Jewellery Fair opening tomorrow. One necklace is composed of three rows of brilliant and baguette diamonds which is a real triumph of the gem-cutter's art. When one looks at this twentieth-century masterpiece it is incredible to think that for centuries men handled, admired for their hardness, used commercially, and even wore diamonds without ever having seen their fire and brilliance. Even in the days of the Renaissance, master craftsmen like Benvenuto Cellini could do no more for the diamond than cut it roughly into a point or, as was more usual, into whatever shape the natural flaws in the stone allowed it to fall. They revered it as the hardest substance known to man, but they never saw the diamond as we see it.

It was not, in fact, until the fifteenth century that men found out that the only way to cut a diamond successfully was with the dust and powder of another diamond—hence the phrase “diamond-cut-diamond.” And it was not until the close of the seventeenth century that a Venetian lapidary discovered the “brilliant-cut” for diamonds and so, for the first time in the history of the world, released out of a rather dull, quartz-like pebble the incomparable glitter and fire that has made the diamond the premier precious stone of the world.

The terms precious and semi-precious are apt to be confusing. All gem stones used for jewellery might be termed “precious,” but it would be better to divide them, as gemmologists do, into “precious” and “lesser known gem stones.” Semi-precious suggests that such stones have little value; which is often quite untrue. There are only four “precious” stones—the diamond, the ruby, the emerald and the sapphire. Despite the diamond's great reputation, a flawless emerald of fine colour is—and always will be—the rarest of all stones. There are not many to be seen in this exhibition, but there are some very attractive combinations of sapphires and rubies and diamonds set in bracelets and brooches. It is in combinations like these that the purity of brilliant—or baguette—diamonds is best seen, when in contrast with the deep blue or ox-blood red of a sapphire or a ruby.

Trends in fashion are not easily discernible, especially in precious jewellery, although the gem-set double clip for daytime, and the pendant ear-ring for evening, still seem as popular as they were ten years ago. One new fashion pointer from the exhibition is the appearance of a number of broad-band wedding rings, relieved by piercing and by engraved designs. A few years ago jewellers tried to introduce into England the American fashion of platinum or palladium wedding rings, and diamond-set wedding rings to match the engagement ring. They met with little success against our native—and often sensible—conservatism, but the broad, decorative wedding ring with its somewhat Victorian flavour may have more luck.

IN fashion, or costume jewellery, the new trend would seem to be for the imitation pearl to yield to fragile and feminine necklaces and bracelets set with paste. The imitation pearl has been the most successful and longest-lived of all post-war fashions—and how many people realize that it is a legacy left us by Hitler? The imitation pearl industry was almost a monopoly of Czechoslovakia until 1938, when Czech refugees to England brought with them the formulae and techniques.

Paste has always been a branch of imitation jewellery in which England has excelled, and the skill of our modern paste-makers would seem to be as high as ever. It is interesting to see that a number of dress designers have now added costume jewellery to the accessories available in their boutiques. This is a sensible practice, for it means that the jewellery really “goes with” the clothes. Beads, of course, are on their way back again and, with the revival of the “Twenties Look” one may confidently predict that, for the first time for thirty years, amber and jade will find their way out of forgotten drawers, cupboards and junk shops to shine in cocktail parties and night clubs.

Among the most attractive things to be seen in the Albert Hall are some of the modern clocks. They come from England, France, Switzerland and Germany, and they are all distinguished by a lightness and grace that has not been seen in timepieces for more than a century. The same qualities mark the modern watch. The watchmakers have got over their excitement at perfecting the self-winding and chronograph watches and are now incorporating these technical advances in watches that would not have disgraced the court of George IV.



*The bride and bridegroom cutting the cake.  
Their families are neighbours at Badminton*



*Major and Mrs. Nelson Rooke,  
who are the bride's parents*



*Sir Christopher Codrington,  
Bt., and Lady Codrington*

*Miss Caroline Acland, Miss Harriet Marling,  
Miss Gail Acland and Miss Miranda Marling*

A. V. Swaabe



*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander.  
SEPT. 18,  
1957  
525*



*The Duke of Beaufort proposing the  
bride and bridegroom's health*

## WEDDING AT BADMINTON

WHEN the wedding took place of Mr. John Wordsworth and Miss Leslie Rooke at St. Michael and All Angels, Badminton, Glos., the reception was held at Badminton House, lent for the occasion by the Duke of Beaufort



*Lady Caroline Somerset with her son Harry,  
and her daughter Anne*

*Mr. Ben Wordsworth, Miss Caroline Gundry  
and Mr. Jeremy Wordsworth*





*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander.  
SEPT. 18,  
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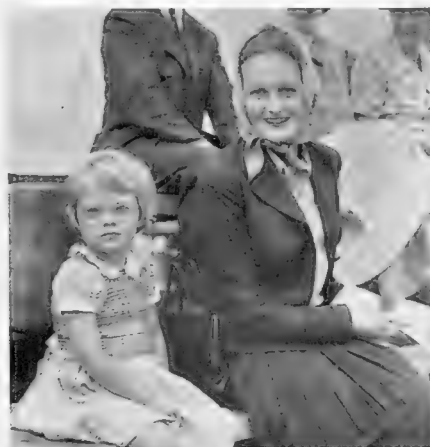
## A COTSWOLD POLO WEEK

TOURNAMENT Week of the Cirencester Park Polo Club was highly successful, the weather being fine for most matches, while proceedings were diversified by a pony show and gymkhana, and a dance. Above, Miss Dominie Riley-Smith and Mrs. Douglas Riley-Smith, two of the spectators

*Mrs. C. Tufnell and her daughter Zoe watching a game from the edge of the ground*



*The Hon. George Bathurst, chairman of the Club, and Miss Judy Forwood who played for Quarry Hill*



*Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan and Fiona*



*Miss Sheila McKenna with Miss Georgina Bean*

*Mrs. M. Moseley, wife of a Cheshire player, the Misses Victoria Bennett, Patricia Moseley and Jill Moseley*

*P. C. Palmer*





## Letter from Paris

# THE FOLLY OF ALBION

SOMETIME I wonder if you English are madder than our old cartoonists of the days of Marius and Assiette au Beurre used to suggest. Here the echoes of a young milord who has been discussing your Queen are still reverberating. One of your politicians (I think a very minor one, for this would seem to be his only claim to notoriety) has added fuel to the *bataclan* in a newspaper statement which he impolitically and impolitely thought wise to make over here. This Mr. Snow's reputation is no doubt of a melting nature, and perhaps he is one of those who must seek publicity by the easiest means available to his calibre as a thinker. But the milord seems well intentioned, and not such a type as those who join in the fracas after the first catcall has given courage.

But how *dare* he? How does it happen that he is so astonishingly ignorant if he wishes to raise a boo at your public speakers? Has this young man never been to one of your City banquets? One of your Lord Mayors, not so very long ago, had only one speech in his entire repertoire, and it was my misfortune as a visitor to hear it seven times. It was a very bad speech.

And your politicians! We at least have some fire, but in your House, to which your members have been elected, one supposes, largely for their skill in talking, the dullness, the repetition, the banalities and the *clichés* are too formidable for human endurance.

ONE day, as a special treat, I was admitted to the Gallery to hear your Mr. Bevan who, they impressed upon me, was a giant among speechmakers, a man who could sway millions even if he considered them *canaille*. To achieve this I waited with impatience whilst lesser orators spoke. It is, I find, a matter of honour that each man talks at great length. If he wishes to say "I like this or that matter" it takes him twenty minutes to make it clear.

And so at last to your great orator. He came in with six companions, and finally he spoke. Forgive me, but if those hesitations, those pauses to rack the brain for fresh matter, those grumbling reiterations of points already made transparent, are your idea of oratory, then commend me to the Mayors of any of my villages around Bordeaux, who can rouse the blood and make one happy and proud of any event, whether it be the new vintage or the opening of a municipal enterprise.

I must add this about your politician of whom I was writing. Whilst he was on his feet his six friends were loud in their bravos and clappings. When he had finished both he and they left immediately. I read of this later in the newspapers. It made six lines of print, interspersed with their applause which, on paper, sounded like that of a multitude. He had made, one inferred, a great occasion. Please may I assure that it was duller than the funeral of a distant relative conducted in the rain in a suburb of Lyons.

But to complain that your Most Gracious Lady has not the voice of Mme. Feuillere, nor (in public) the wit of Mme. Recamier, is to be ridiculous. If she had, half your public men would have to take those instructions in eloquence which they so dearly need. Your First Lady has more, transcendently more, than these qualities: she has the poise, the dignity, the charm and, which is important, the discretion of a Queen.

—Philippe le J.



**ITALY'S HENLEY** A passer-by on the Archimedes Bridge over the Grand Canal, Venice, sees this impressive and colourful procession of boats which opens the seven-centuries-old Venice Regatta. The principal competing craft are two-oared and four-oared gondolas



"SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE CROWN" (Garrick Theatre). Those to whom homely pleasures and down-to-earth fun appeal will probably drop in frequently to this play. They will see Herbert (Peter Bentley, above, left) talked into silence by his Ada (Thora Hird, centre), who is as chirpy as a chipmunk, while Eunice (Mollie Sugden) is ready for an evening's fun. Landlord Bernard Fox looks on indulgently. Two of the regulars (below, Janet Davies and Bill Hardy) are having a lively time. Drawings by Glan Williams

## At the Theatre

# JUG AND BOTTLE REPERTOIRE

Anthony Cookman

LIFE in the bar parlour of a good "local," as the least dramatic eye can see, is constantly taking shape as a play. Even with the first few drinks the personal oddities of the regulars have begun to set a scene potentially rich in comedy. It will be unusual if before closing time the rough badinage, the noisy squabbings and the indignant bridlings of ladies whose pretensions someone has taken down a peg have not touched half-seriously, half-comically, on all the great themes—birth, marriage, money and death. The trouble, of course, is that too many plays start up and disconcertingly get lost in others. A detached observer looking for a play hardly knows which of many attractive patterns to follow.

Mr. Walter Greenwood, having found a quiet corner for himself in a Lancashire local family "snug," sips and listens and at closing time decides that his play, *Saturday Night At The Crown*, must get along without any definite pattern. All it will require on the stage is a leading character—an irrepressible chatterbox whose every utterance is a gross interference with the affairs of other people—and a resourceful actress. At the Garrick the actress is Miss Thora Hird. I have never known her to play any part but that of the down-trodden little mother gallantly bearing the burdens of an unfortunate family, and extremely well she has always played it. But now, obviously welcoming a release from pathos, she gives a first-rate comic performance in raucous low comedy. It is not too much to say that she is to *Saturday Night At The Crown* what Miss Peggy Mount is to *Sailor Beware!* She talks and talks, with malice, with good humour, with down-to-earth sense, with quite uninhibited absurdity, an interminable farrago which the other regulars would like to ignore but cannot, and when they do manage to silence her for a few minutes on end they themselves as characters more or less cease to exist.

SHE has nothing to do with whatever happens in the way of a story. The smug landlord has a thing against marriage and wins a sizeable bet by distracting a poor young husband who is in the throes of becoming a father for the first time. He proves to him by chalked reckonings on the dartboard that no married man can anyway afford to live in the present state of the currency, and in awe-struck contemplation of his own woes the agitated husband forgets those of his wife. This is funny only 'nor' 'nor' by west. Then there is a designing widow to set her cap at the marriage-shy landlord. There is a love-lorn American sergeant to court the eligible barmaid more and more desperately as he gets less and less sober. And there is the barmaid herself, a curious character who talks now like a shrew, now like a sympathetic heroine, but is able in the end to strike a business bargain with the landlord she has marked down for her own.

But nothing of all this matters in the least little bit except in so far as it serves the chatterbox of Miss Hird as an excuse for further innuendo and devastatingly frank comment. It is she who creates the atmosphere of the "snug" on Saturday night and all the rest of the "soppers up" have hardly any reality outside her chatter. Her long-suffering husband has more reality than any of the others, and he is a silent grotesque, breaking silence only once with a sudden hollow groan which, thanks to Mr. Peter Bentley's timing, is the evening's biggest laugh. There is perhaps more in the landlord and in the barmaid than Mr. Bernard Fox and Miss Joy Wood succeed in bringing out. The plain fact is that it is a mediocre company which Miss Hird leads so amusingly; but then the play itself seems more obviously suited in its rough and ready artless way to a relaxed seaside audience than to West End requirements.



JOHN NEVILLE is the protagonist in *Hamlet* when the 1957-58 season of the Old Vic opens tonight at the Waterloo Road. This role is a mountain to be climbed in every young actor's career. He is seen here with Laertes (John Humphry) in the duel from the final scene. This season sees the completion, with the production of *Henry VIII*, of the Old Vic's plan to have presented the whole of Shakespeare's dramatic works within the space of five years





*One of the dogs comes proudly back with a hare it has retrieved*

SIR WILLIAM ROOTES, the British motor-car manufacturer, again provided his guests in Scotland with a happy sporting assignment. With his son, Mr. Geoffrey Rootes, he supervised the first beat of the day's grouse shooting on his Glenalmond estate. The weather was at first only fair, with a strong westerly wind which persisted. Later the sun shone through, and then the moors, covered in the most glorious display of heather, looked extremely fine. The count at the end of the day was 100 brace

## SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND

*Sir William Rootes takes a bird from the dog which has recovered it*



*Members of the shoot, together with the Scottish hills, are seen*



*Lady Cornwallis riding a pony to the shoot*

*Lord Forteviot was here with Col. B. A. Innes*





ers and onies, pausing for a moment on the  
ouetted against the skyline

A. V. Swaabe

Mr. Norman Salvesen from Kinloch House, another member of  
the party, waiting for the birds to come over



Mr. Geoffrey Rootes with one of the  
dogs

Mr. Gilbert Miller, the impresario,  
and Lord Cornwallis



## At the Pictures

# SLICE OF GAMMON

ANY film purporting to tell the life story of a great actress had better have a star capable, at least, of illuding as a great actress. Miss Kim Novak unfortunately seems to lack the knack—which makes *Jeanne Eagels* something less than convincing as a biographical work. Miss Novak is ravishingly pretty but when she gets around to showing how Miss Eagels took Broadway by storm with her performance as Sadie Thompson in *Rain* she becomes quite grotesque—wreathing, writhing and just about chewing up the scenery in what nevertheless remains a ladylike attempt to play the tart. If this is what made Miss Eagels the toast of New York in the twenties, one can only conclude that audiences must have been far more indulgent then than now.

Miss Novak is just fine as long as she's a hoochie-coochie dancer in a fairground sideshow owned by Mr. Jeff Chandler—who loves her dearly: this is apparently how Miss Eagels began her career. But, like the character she's playing, she begins to deteriorate when vaunting ambition gets a good grip on her. She hires herself a dramatic coach—Miss Agnes Moorehead, displaying some spectacular millinery but, for once, little else—and is instantly “an actress,” as ham as they come.

By stealing a play (*Rain*, in fact) from another actress Miss Eagels finds herself with a suicide on her conscience and takes to the bottle. Managements eventually tire of handing the customers their money back because Miss Eagels is too sozzled to appear—and Equity, which she has refused to join, finally bans her from the stage. Mr. Chandler, now a prosperous

Dirk Bogarde (above), in an adventurous film taken from Hammond Innes' best selling novel, plays in Campbell's *Kingdom* the part of an Englishman who goes to Canada to find a peril-ridden inheritance

Michel Ray asks the newsboy the way to the President of Mexico's home. *The Brave One* concerns the eleven-year-old boy's effort to prove that his pet bull is rightly his property





Playing a suave butler is the part David Niven has in *My Man Godfrey* the evergreen society comedy. Acting with him are June Allyson, Jessie Royce Landis and Eva Gabor

The action of *Band Of Angels* takes place during the American Civil War. Amantha (Yvonne De Carlo) learns that she is of slave stock but her purchaser, Hamish (Clark Gable), loses his heart to his prize



fairground proprietor, kindly gives her a job in his "carnival." Under the influence of drink and drugs she dies young—and I'm afraid one doesn't feel the slightest bit sorry, as she seems to have been a rather horrid girl, really.

A brief Hollywood interlude provides a moment of amusement in this dismal story. Miss Eagels, starring in a silent movie, is seated primly on a marble bench beside the leading man, whom the director instructs thus: "Remember, Jack, you're a complete louse: all you're thinking about is despoiling this lovely flower of Southern womanhood!" Whoopee! *There's* a film I would pay money to see.

As the next best thing, *Band Of Angels*—an old-fashioned drama of the Deep South at the beginning of the Civil War—is not to be sneezed at. Miss Yvonne De Carlo, a proud Kentucky belle, learns at her father's funeral that she is the daughter of a coloured woman. Poppa's creditors haul her from the graveside to the slave-market where she is bought for five thousand dollars by Mr. Clark Gable.

Miss De Carlo, anticipating a fate worse than death, seethes with hatred—but Mr. Gable, unlike Jack (above), is not a complete louse and in time she comes to love him, as everybody else seems to do, except Mr. Sidney Poitier, a slave he has educated and treated almost as a son.

Mr. Poitier regards Mr. Gable with implacable loathing, and when war breaks out joins the Union army, vowing he'll kill his old master. He has the chance but Mr. Gable talks him out of taking it. Though the revelation that Mr. Gable, who figures as a rich plantation owner, made his immense fortune as a slave trader somewhat shocks Miss De Carlo, you may be sure that this lovely flower of Southern womanhood is ready to accompany him to parts unknown when he makes his getaway, leaving his vast fields of corn and cotton in flames behind him. It's a splendidly lush picture and I liked it—but then I am one of that durable Mr. Gable's most faithful fans.

There are lashings of action and some glorious scenery in *Campbell's Kingdom*—a film with a Canadian setting though actually, I am told, shot in the Italian Dolomites. Mr. Dirk

Bogarde, as a young Englishman who has been told he has only six months to live, arrives in the Rockies to take over a piece of land bequeathed by his grandfather, who believed it to be rich in oil and ruined himself and his neighbours trying to prove it.

Mr. Bogarde is determined to clear the old man's name but the natives are hostile and Mr. Stanley Baker, who's building a dam that will flood Mr. Bogarde's property, is positively ferocious. Nevertheless, financed by a couple of maiden ladies (the Misses Mary Merrill and Athene Seyler) who keep a small stack of gold bricks in a piano-stool in the parlour, and helped by a surveyor (Mr. Michael Craig) and a mining engineer (Mr. James Robertson Justice) he starts drilling for oil.

He finds it—but that vicious Mr. Baker maliciously floods the land all the same. And then—most excitingly—the dam bursts. Mr. Bogarde darn nearly drowns, is rescued in the nick of time and sent, with a broken arm, to hospital. Here it is discovered that the prognostication of his early demise was just a mistake: barring accidents, he can live to a ripe old age. This news comes as a great relief to Miss Barbara Murray, who had set her heart on marrying Mr. Bogarde but obviously didn't want to be a young widow. A jolly good British picture, produced by Miss Betty E. Box and ably directed by Mr. Ralph Thomas.

MISS GLORIA SWANSON, first seen on the screen in 1913, gives a quite fabulous performance as Agrippina in *Nero's Weekend*—an Italian film (with dubbed French dialogue and American subtitles) which hilariously burlesques all those pompous pseudo-historical epics.

Signor Alberto Sordi is gorgeously batty as Nero, Signor Vittorio de Sica is wonderfully stylish as Seneca, and Mlle. Brigitte Bardot very fetching as the petulant Poppaea. But it is for Miss Swanson, who swigs poison with evident relish and carries vipers in her handbag to pop into her son's bed if he annoys her, that you must see this film. She is the most magnificent *grande dame* you ever saw—and effortlessly creates the impression of being absolutely indestructible.

—Elsbeth Grant



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR (leading) and Harold returning to the castle at Bayeux in 1064. A plate from "The Bayeux Tapestry" (Phaidon, 47s. 6d.), a new evaluation

## Book Reviews

# KNIFE THAT REPRIEVES THE CONDEMNED



"The Earl and Countess of Kilkenny, and no laughter, please"

NICOLAS BENTLEY, whose comedy is usually reserved for his witty cartoons, has in "How Can You Bear To Be Human?" (Deutsch, 12s. 6d.) written an equally engaging and funny text

GEORGE SAVA's **Surgery And Crime** (Faber, 15s.) does not—the jacket lets us know in advance—deal with forensic medicine, post-mortems following murders, or the facial re-castings resorted to, as disguise, by gangsters on the run. The book's actual subject is more original and, it may be found, provocative of thought. "We shall discover," contends the famed surgeon-author in his prologue, "that surgery can play an important part in curing crime, which may well seem at first sight the most surprising thing of all. Yet, if we accept the fundamental principle of continuous, inescapable interaction of mind and body, it is not so very astonishing."

Are we, then, in the field of brain surgery, and the drastic alterations of personality in which such operations may result? Not this time. The approach to the patient is exterior—plastic surgery, in the ten cases instanced, put right grotesque malformations of the face, and thereby stopped the moral rot which had set in in an isolated, defiant, unhappy person.

What does it feel like to be born so hideous that nobody cares to look at you. Still more, on those born "normal," perhaps handsome, what may be the effect of a war injury or smashing car accident? Often, Mr. Sava shows, anti-social tendencies develop—due to resentment against life, bravado bred by ugliness, or desire for publicity and attention as a compensation for being ignored or slighted.

MR. SAVA enters, with sympathy and almost uncanny insight, into the point of view of his ten unfortunates. For obvious reasons (for these are living persons) he has given each one the disguise of fiction, transmuting into a series of short stories material drawn from his own case-books. These men, women and children were his patients, whom he had the satisfaction of sending forth to make fresh starts in a more friendly world.

"Monkey Face," an unhappy small boy, grew up into pestiferous adolescence on account of a simian, undershot lower jaw. Like him a child of the working class, Elsie (whose mother regarded her as walking evidence of the wrath of God) had her poor little visage twisted into a snout by a bungled first operation on a harelip. Sheila, once popular, gay and pretty, a rich man's daughter, fell victim to her craze for high-powered cars: after the crash, bewildered and feeling ostracized, she found her only resort in a seedy underworld. Mary Nordbury, born with no



FATHER TINTERO, drawn by Cam. From "The Little Banditta" by Karel Jaeger (Putnam, 10s. 6d.)

chin at all, is the heroine of the story "Too Much Care": she too had a wealthy background, and excessive solicitude, combined with "spoiling," on the part of her mother did as much to queer her character as did her deformity. While poor beak-nosed John Severs, in "Dull To Stormy," embarked upon a career of sexual violence because he dared never hope for romantic love. Though all of the stories have happy endings, they make—I confess—grim reading until the end is reached.

I find something depressing, too, in the implication that people must (or, almost certainly do) go steadily downhill under disabilities. There have been human spirits which rose above them—as Sir Ian Frazer's recent book *The Conquest Of Disability* testified. But I don't want to misinterpret Mr. George Sava: *Surgery And Crime* is, first and last, not only an exposition of plastic surgery, the well-nigh miracles it can bring about and its potential for moral good, but a successful, all-out attack on the superstitious prejudice against it. That such prejudice did still exist, I had no idea. Bunkum, witchcraft or (still worse) defiance of the will of the Almighty are, it seems, among charges levelled against this restorative exercise of the surgeon's skill.

★ ★ ★

WITH his latest comedy novel, **Rockets Galore** (Chatto & Windus, 15s.), Compton Mackenzie causes us to return to the Outer Hebrides and those famed islands (scene of *Whisky Galore!*) Great and Little Todday. And we re-meet veteran friends from among the islanders—but, alas, this time under less gay conditions. . . . A range for guided missiles is to be established; the two Toddays (though they have yet to know it) will be involved, and representatives of the powers-that-be are already moving in to spy out the land.

There may, it is cautiously reckoned, be opposition. There is, indeed. The resistance movement, ably headed by Father James Macalister, stops at all but nothing; the sabotage programme, it is suggested, is not improbably aided by local fairies. Young Hugh MacInness, first in Little Todday in an official capacity, finds love, abandons politics, and mobilizes everything he can think of, from the press to bird-watchers, against "the Government's proposed murder of a small island in the interest of scientific destruction."

Sir Compton, making his own comment in an Author's Note, remarks: "*Whisky Galore!* was a genial farce: *Rockets Galore* is a bitter one. It is difficult to be genial when a way of life that seemed . . . a good way of life is threatened with extinction." There is a chill over the raciness of many of these pages—how should there not be? Pure high spirits, however, kindle the crazy, triumphant end.

—Elizabeth Bowen



HENRY IRVING, a woodcut by James Pryde, from "Index To The Story Of My Day" by Edward Gordon Craig (Hulton Press, 35s.)

A TREASURE in "The Saturday Book" (Hutchinson, 30s.), is this flower painting by Jacques de Gheyn







Noel Mayne (Baron Studios)

THE autumn fashions always help to make thoughts of the winter ahead almost agreeable. Already those collections that have already been shown have reconciled us to this season of mists. On the following pages we show some of the dresses and suits from the wholesale autumn collections that all display the easy look which it is thought will predominate this season. It makes itself evident in uncluttered lines, simple designs and a quiet, understated elegance

## MELODRAMA IN REVERSE

Delbury's suit is in blue and black worsted tweed. It has a slim skirt and semi-fitted jacket, reaching to the hips. Price approximately 20 gns. at Harvey Nichols. The tapering long sleeved sheath (above) is in blue and black patterned jersey, from Dobett: wide black belt in leather. Cost is 13 gns., at Lee Harcourt, Sloane Street; Belmonts, Portsmouth. Hats are by Edward Mann. The photographs were taken in the Victoria and Albert Museum

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez



THE NEW and much-talked-about "sack" (left). Here by London Town in slate blue jersey tweed. Plain, high-necked, it has a two-position red leather belt. 12½ gns. approx. at Peter Jones; Morrison's, Buchanan Street, Glasgow

SHIRTMAKER style dress in light beige ribbed jersey by Marcus. Narrow and leather-belted, it has a huge wide collar and three-quarter sleeves. Price 24½ gns. at Simpsons, Piccadilly; McDonalds, Glasgow; Fenwicks, Newcastle

DARK FAWN coloured jersey dress by Tricosa (below, right). It is self-belted and has three-quarter dolman sleeves, pockets and wide funnel-shaped neck in ribbed jersey. 19 gns. at Peter Jones, Sloane Square; Brown Muff, Chester



Noel Mayne (Baron Studios)



RENSOR'S green tweed suit has a slim shaped skirt, topped by a loose jacket. This is bloused into a low-buttoned half-bar at the back. The jacket is finished off with an ocelot collar. Stocked at Harris of Ealing, and G. K. Lee of South Shields it costs approx. 15 gns.

Noel Mayne (Baron Studio)

THE SEASON'S smartest fabric—herringbone tweed—has been chosen by Sylvia Mills for her black and white suit. The jacket is quite short and loose, just touching the hips, and it has a wide collared neck filled by a black cravat. Price approximately 28 gns. at Paige of Bond St.; Books, Sunderland





*Brian Kirley*

WORTH is featuring a black South-west African Persian lamb Cardinal Richelieu collar on the jacket of this two-piece. It is in finest royal blue and black Linton tweed. Retailing at 57 gns. from Marshall and Snelgrove, London and Manchester, and McDonalds of Glasgow

## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

# JERSEY WITH A GLEAM

**S**OFT, supple grey silk jersey lamé is used for these twin-fabric dresses by Marcus. The one on this page has a wide standing neckline to the soft, sleeveless bodice. Price 32½ gns. The light and dark grey pearls are £2 7s. 6d. Opposite, a dress that is a joy to accessorize. Again the line is slender and it has a high, plain-fronted bodice dipping to a low V at the back. Price 26½ gns. Draped beret in pink satin and black lace, 14 gns., strings of graduated pearls, from a wide selection at varying prices, pearl earclips, 1 gn., black clutch-purse, £1 15s., and grey suede gloves 59s. 6d. Both dresses and all accessories from Harrods. Pictures taken at the Café Royal





## POST-HOLIDAY PLANNING

# Refresher course for the dining room

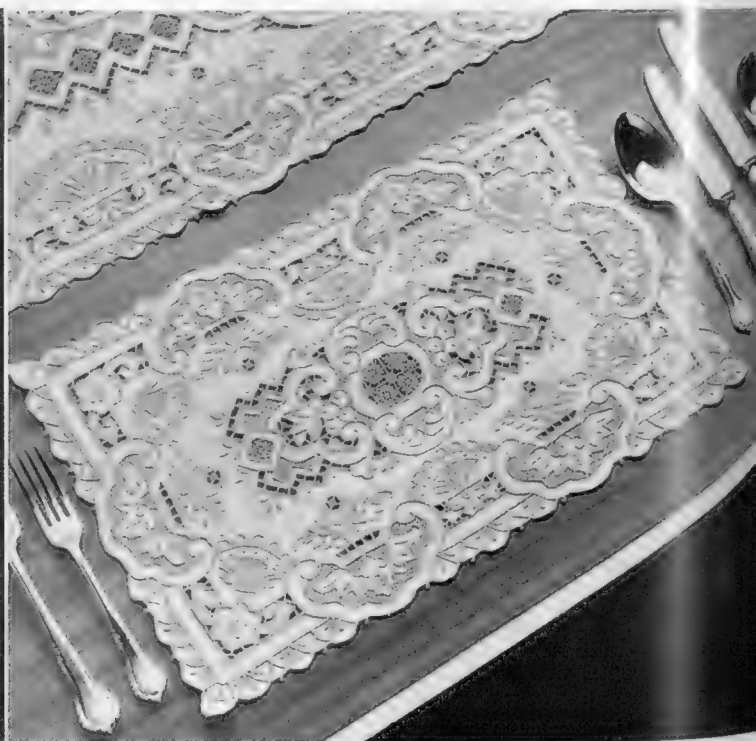
*N*OW that the holidays are over, a sense of flatness and anticlimax is likely to supervene before we gather our energies afresh for the Christmas cope. There is no better way to combat this Spirit of the Wet Blanket than by giving our homes a holiday in turn. In spring we cleaned, in autumn let us renew. Here, for example, are some of the things you can buy to make a summer-jaded dining room into something fresh and delightful. Next week I shall deal with some new ideas which will make your kitchen, too, a pleasure to enter.

—JEAN CLELAND

A beautiful hand embroidered and cutwork linen table cloth, 2 yds. by 3 yds., with 12 matching napkins. Priced £63 from Givan's Irish Linen Stores of New Bond Street, W.1



Sterling silver sauce boats, £32 10s. a pair, silver three-piece condiment set £43 7s. 6d.; pair of Regent Plate fish servers, £5 18s. 6d. From Garrards, Regent Street



Hand embroidered linen dinner set of eight mats, eight napkins, and centre piece. Robinson and Cleaver, 18 gns. Mappin and Webb's six-piece cutlery set costs £3 12s. 6d.

This useful and handsome serpentine fronted mahogany sideboard is in Regency style, with a glass top and two cupboards and drawer. It is priced at £70 10s. The pair of Georgian silver-plated candlesticks cost £40 19s. They come from Hamptons



The "Nautilus" fruit bowl and stand is designed by Wedgwood in green glaze. From Wedgwood, of Wigmore St., W.1, where it costs 7 gns.

This mahogany two-pillared dining table with one leaf is in the Sheraton style, and costs £59 10s. The set of four chairs and two carvers, also Sheraton styled, is made of mahogany and the upholstery is in green and cream striped satin. £106 14s. 6d. The white Wedgwood vase is £1 17s. 6d. Hamptons, of Kensington, stock them



Waterford glass. Goblet, £1 15s. ; tall champagne, £1 12s. 6d.; claret, £1 10s. 6d. Port or sherry glass, £1 3s. ; cocktail, £1 5s. ; and liqueur, £1. Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly



Royal Doulton dinner service, "Chateau Rose," in grey and white with pink rose. Price, £87, seventy-one pieces ; and £53 6s. 6d., thirty-eight. To be had at Fortnum and Mason

## Beauty

# A hair-stylist moves into maquillage

Do you remember the little ditty "Can't Help Singing" trilled so enchantingly by Deanna Durbin in one of her films? The same could well be said of Raymond, who is never without a song on his lips. Whether this is an inspiration to brighter hair styles, or just an indication that he is happy, I don't know, but in any case, as someone remarked after reading of his winnings at Ascot, "he's got plenty to sing about."

When I went to see him at his Grafton Street salon recently, I had no need to ask where he was. A soft melody took me to the spot, where, under his skilful hands, a head was being superbly shaped. When he had completed this work of art, he took me away to talk of his venture into the field of cosmetics, and of his "Sensitive Skin" preparations, among which is his "Dawn to Dusk Liquid Make-up." This is a gossamer foundation that, to use Raymond's words, "allows the skin to breathe." "The skin," he said, "needs air," and very rightly stressed the importance of this. "Heavy make-up imprisons it and tends to clog the pores." Hence the "Dawn to Dusk Foundation," which, while it holds the powder and gives a matt finish, is light enough to let the air get through.

This is only one of a wide range of Raymond's cosmetics which can now be had for home use. They are also used in the Albemarle Street salon where all manner of beauty treatments are given, one of the most popular being a "Facial Cocktail" (Quickie), in which, for 10s. 6d. you can have a "Clean-up and



*A BRIEF FRINGE and tiny hook curls, curving in front of the ears, characterize Raymond's "Hurricane Line," which has been specially created to conform with the current new, shorter hemline*

Make-up" refresher before going to the theatre. In future, these treatments can also be had at the Grafton Street salon, where a new Beauty Room has just been opened.

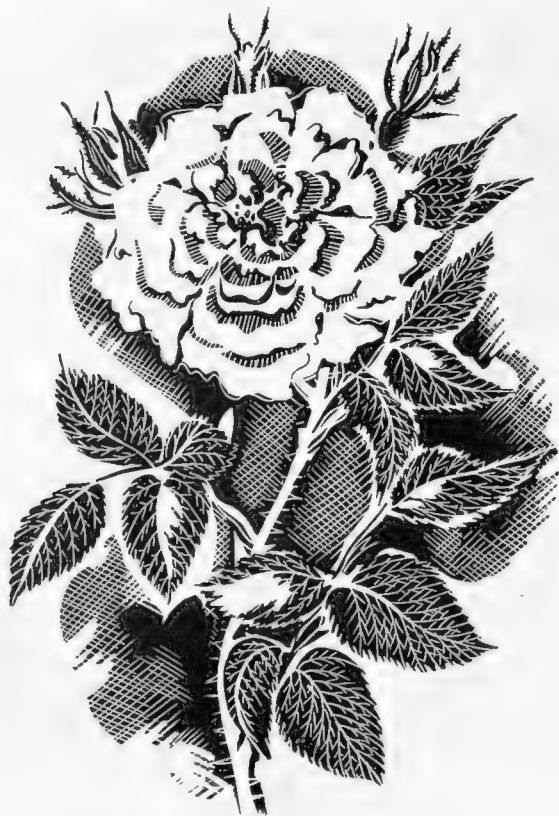
This double arrangement which allows clients to have their hair and their beauty treatments done under the same roof, has always seemed to me to be an excellent idea. It saves time and wear and tear, which in these busy days is a boon for which most women are supremely grateful. Several salons, such as Elizabeth Arden's and Helena Rubinstein's, have offered facilities of this kind for a long time. In both these cases one can have the additional benefits of exercise and massage, making an "all-over" treatment that acts like magic on the looks, the health and the spirits.

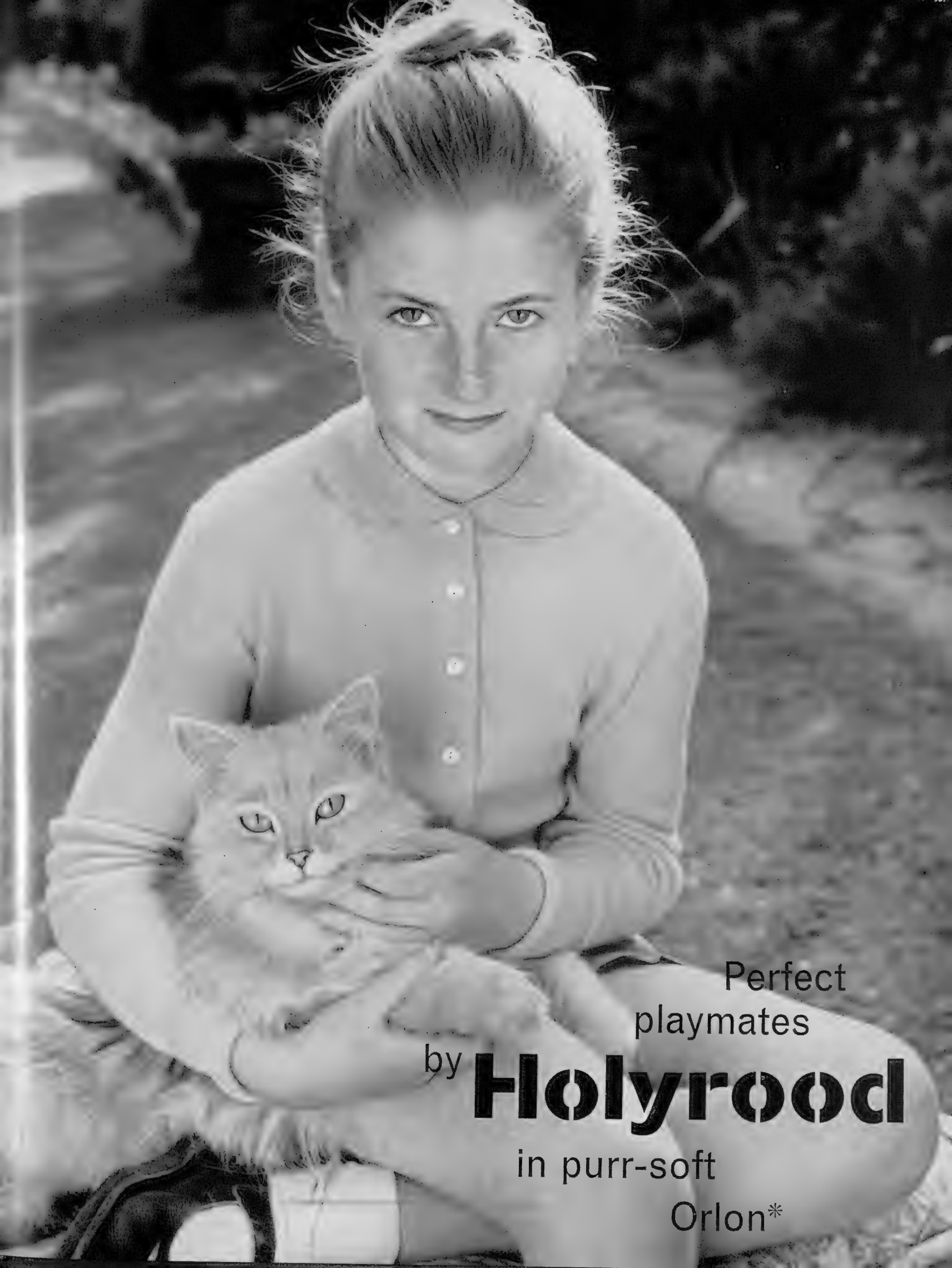
A SIMILAR SORT of service is given at the Beauty Clinic in Wigmore Street. Here you can treat yourself to a real luxury. In a two-hour treatment you can have your hair shampooed, trimmed and set, also a manicure, and a stimulating face and neck massage, followed by a make-up. Single treatments are also given, and these include a composite one for face and neck, shoulders and back, and a special throat and eye one, which is particularly good for dealing with crêpiness and the little fine wrinkles which often make their appearance at the end of the summer.

The latest place in which this ever-widening plan of combining hairdressing and beauty treatments operates is at the Richard Henry salon in Brompton Road. Here a hair stylist and a well-known name in the beauty world make a good team: hair by Richard Henry and facial treatments by Dorothy Gray. At this salon, clients can now make one appointment for the two services, take a short walk from the dryer to the Beauty Room, and then, when the face is "set fair," back again for the hair to be finally dressed out.

While beauty salons have been concerning themselves with hairdressing and hairdressing salons with beauty, Dior has turned his attention to make-up. On the same day as he showed his Autumn Collection in Paris, he launched a collection of new lipstick shades in this country, to tie up with his latest colour trends. There are ten lovely ones ranging from palest watermelon pink to richest red. Dior believes that lipstick is a vital accessory which should be changed with each dress or suit.

—Jean Cleland





Perfect  
playmates

by

**Holyrood**

in purr-soft

Orlon\*



## Dancing chiffon

Airy silk chiffon dress with a moulded bodice, soft, swaying, cowl neckline, and a mobile skirt that flies and floats over net and taffeta underskirts.

In fuchsia pink, phantom beaver, jade, royal, chartreuse or black. Hips 36-42 16½ gns

Exclusive to Harvey Nichols

MODERATELY PRICED DRESSES:  
FIRST FLOOR

# HARVEY NICHOLS

**Woods—Eden.** Rear-Admiral Wilfrid Woods of Alverstoke, Hampshire, son of the late Sir Wilfrid Woods, married at St. James's Without the Priory Gate, Southwick, Hants, Miss Joan Eden, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Eden, of Purbrook



## RECENTLY MARRIED



**McWatters—Wilkinson.** Mr. Stephen McWatters, son of Sir Arthur McWatters, of Oxford, and of the late Lady McWatters, married Miss Mary Wilkinson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Wilkinson, of Keate House, Eton College, at Eton College Lower Chapel



**Barnes—Hughes-Jones.** The Hon. R. A. H. Barnes, younger son of Lord Gorell, of Callcot Street, W.8, married Miss Gillian Picton Hughes-Jones, daughter of the late Mr. Picton Hughes-Jones, and of Mrs. Picton Hughes-Jones, of Newbury, Berkshire, at the Church of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, W.8



**Lamb—Tennyson d'Eyncourt.** Major Gilbert Lamb, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. Percy Lamb, Q.C., and Mrs. Lamb, of Chislehurst, married at St. Bartholomews, Smithfield, Miss Sarah Tennyson d'Eyncourt, daughter of the late Capt. R. E. L. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, and the Hon. Mrs. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, Queen's Gate



*the name*

*of authority*

*in furs*

**Bradleys**

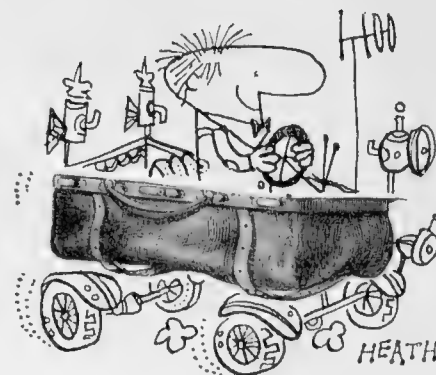
2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

Bradleys coat of dyed Russian ermine

# "Esso for Extra"



**FINEST PETROL  
IN THE WORLD**



*Motoring*

*Oliver Stewart*

## NARROW MANOEUVRE

I APPROACHED the assistant manager of one of the largest London garages, the Savoy-Adelphi, where every kind of car is handled from the smallest to the largest, and where the cars are of every nationality, and I posed to this expert a number of questions on close parking in garages. I propose now to summarize a few of his replies.

The first point is that, as you approach the car you are intending to move, you must notice the position of the front wheels and how close the car is to contiguous vehicles. When you get into the car the first thing to do is to press the clutch pedal. You then switch on, and when the engine is running you check the gear lever, keeping the clutch pedal pressed.

The run of the gears can, according to my informant, only be guessed from the feel of the lever against the selectors and springs. When the car moves away, my expert had one vital point to make, and in his own words it is this: "Always try to keep the car as straight as possible and avoid large movements of the steering wheel when the space is narrow."

AGAIN he advises that the car should be got straight if it can be. When backing into a narrow space from an angle, the lock is applied fully directly the centre of the rear wheel is opposite the corner into which the car is backing. The opposite is true when moving out from a narrow space, except where the car has a very long overhang, then obviously a margin must be allowed.

If you know that the space into which the car is being moved is big enough to take it, the whole attention should be concentrated on the driving side and on ensuring that both back and front wings are equidistant from the other vehicles at all times. (This, in other words, is a further directive to keep the car straight.)

THE Nuffield Organization's announcement about the Oxford Traveller is of interest to many motorists. The idea of the Corporation is that it will have a strong overseas appeal and help to swell export earnings. It is a new Morris priced ex-works at £665 with a purchase tax of £333 17s. It has four doors and there is a rear door which opens upwards to give maximum loading capacity for goods or luggage. The curved windscreen is in one piece. The engine is of about 1,500 c.c. and there is a four-speed gear box. Lockheed hydraulic fully compensated brakes are fitted. This is the kind of vehicle for which there is an obvious and increasing demand.

### The R.A.C. suggests...

That one of the most worrying factors to road safety organizations is the high incidence of casualties involving car passengers.

There are various steps which can be taken to reduce the risk of injury to passengers.

One is the use of safety-belts which prevent the passenger being thrown forward and possibly through the windscreen in the event of accident. These are available at quite a moderate cost.

A second safety-aid and one with much more appeal to parents, at least, is a type of seat which can be hooked firmly over the back of the seat and will keep small children snug and safe with no risk of bumping a head when the car lurches or swerves.



An actual photograph

## Black tie or white tie?

You can be gracefully equipped for evening functions, in a Drescott dinner jacket, or tail suit, at a wide range of prices and you can see these suits at good men's shops in London's West End and throughout the country. Look for the Drescott showcard. Should you have any difficulty in finding your Drescott retailer please drop us a line and we will gladly give you his name and address.



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**"Dawn-to-Dusk" Liquid Make-up**



by  
*Raymond*

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**LA INA**  
*Fino Exquisite Dry*

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and delicious 'CELEBRATION CREAM'  
for the sweeter palates

## A NEWCOMER TO CHELSEA

THE latest of many restaurants to open their doors along the length of Chelsea's famous King's Road is the John Dory, devoted to the exclusive serving of fish. Above is seen its owner, Charles Massey, together with his chef, Chow Wing



Stephen Checkland

## DINING OUT

### Apples and fish

WHATEVER clubs I may have belonged to in the past, or am a member of at the present, I never expected to belong to an Apple Club. But I do, and it is the Commonwealth Apple Club. Until I became a member I never realized my astonishing ignorance of the merits of this admirable fruit or the variations of which it is capable.

As a member of the club, from time to time I receive a plastic basket full of apples, each with its name attached to the stalk and a leaflet explaining its various attributes. The variations in flavour, bouquet and texture are amazing. I have spent a lot of time tasting and comparing White Winter Pearmain and some Red Delicious from South Africa, with Jonathans and Sturmer Pippins from New Zealand, and Granny Smiths and Rome Beauties from Australia.

Some time in September I shall be getting some from our own orchards in the United Kingdom, such as Cox's Orange Pippins and Bramley Seedlings, and in early November Golden Russets and McIntosh Reds from Canada, so it seems that if you take them in the correct rotation from the various Commonwealth countries, including ourselves, you can have fine fresh apples in perfect condition all the year round.

From the point of view of publicising apples I think this is a first-class idea. As they say, "an apple a day keeps the doctor away," but in all fairness I must add so does a bottle of wine—but it is a good deal more expensive.

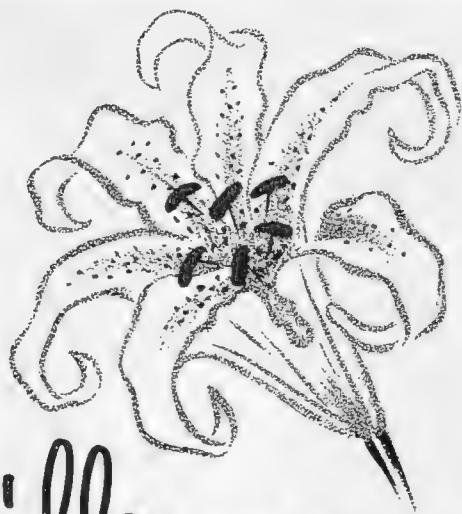
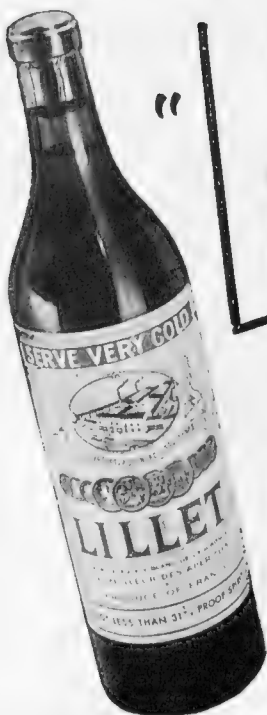
FROM apples off the trees to fishes from the sea. To start a restaurant which serves sea foods exclusively and no meat or poultry whatsoever requires courage, cash and a master chef. I would, in fact, put in the reverse order; courage you may have and if you haven't the cash, you can always get a certain amount of credit, but if a restaurant serving nothing but fish is going to be a success, the whole thing depends on the chef, who must have exceptional skill and experience in the preparation of really fine and delicate sauces to go with all the variations in the ways, for instance, of preparing a sole—there are literally hundreds of them, and the same with lobsters and scampi. A harsh tartare sauce can be so violent that you don't know whether you are eating sole or cod; a steamed turbot can be ruined by a parsley sauce that is not really delicate and made of the finest ingredients, and so on.

When Charles Massey, a *Chaine du Rôtisseur*, opened the John Dory Restaurant at 144 King's Road, Chelsea, which is exclusively a fish restaurant, he had very clear views on what should be done and, in fact, went the whole hog; not only did he decide to buy only the finest quality fish available, but he installed his own tanks for live trout and engaged as *maitre chef* no less a person than Mr. Chow Wing, who had been fish chef at the Berkeley for nine years and who has eaten fish all his life, being a past-master in its preparation.

Chow Wing is supported in his kitchen by several other Chinese, and the delicacy of the various sauces he prepares are quite unique.

—I. Bickerstaff

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and you will enjoy an apéritif with an authentic french accent

**LILLET**

Pronounced "Lilly" by the *Anglais*, this truly Gallic apéritif is sweeter than dry, yet drier than sweet. Accordingly it makes an irresistible appeal to the British taste for compromise! Enjoy it by itself—or with soda if you like to prolong the pleasure. (Iced, of course).



NEW SCHWEPTON

Long admired as a Schweppshire land-mark, Schwepton Hall has been turned to new uses. Once the annexe to the hunting lodge of the footman of the favourite of Anne of Schwellenburg, it came later, by the natural processes of democratisation, under the ownership of the first Marquis of Schweppingham, who created Schwepton Hall Golf Course (9 holes), and whose ashes are buried in the bunker guarding the 8th green.

When in 1925 the second Marquis moved to two rooms over the village post-office, Schwepton Hall Co-educational was founded. The ideal of "New Schwepton" was the creation of a tremendously modern school in tremendously ancient surroundings. "Well proportioned old drain pipes mean well balanced boys," said Founder Uschwepski, "but modernised art goes best with modernised play pens," he continued, placing an abstract on concrete. "It's what you take in through the back of your neck which matters," he remarked noticing that the boys seemed to be paying no attention. It is said that this great educationist once talked for eight months without actually mentioning anything, though he had left fairly extraordinary objects lying about.

Our picture shows Schwepton today, a little dimmed in spirit, with even a touch of stalemate. Twenty-five years of never saying "don't" has not left the Fifth Form master looking any younger. The Picasso prints are yellow and peeling. A new boy recently sneaked off to the woods to indulge in some secret Latin prose composition. Two misfit girls ran away to the Establishment for the Daughters of Fairly Distinguished Gentlewomen.

But the spirit of Schwepton will prevail. Four hundred and eighty successive Common Entrance candidates will not have failed in vain.

*Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him*





# A scotch of great worth

*Worth looking for—worth treasuring*

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Queen Elizabeth II  
Scotch Whisky  
Distillers  
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FLOWERS for the table arranged in a painted baking tin; an illustration from *Simple Flowers*, by Constance Spry (Dent, 12s. 6d.), a fascinating guide to new floral effects

## DINING IN

### *Taking the chill off*

A FRIEND complains to me that, in one of London's leading restaurants, in mid-August, she was served with grouse which, though cooked to a turn—à point—which, to her, pretty well raw at the bone, was practically cold. I know the restaurant and have always been well served there so, on thinking over her grouse, came to the conclusion that it had probably rested in the cold room until it was ordered for her meal and had then been placed in a very hot oven and baked for the required time for her liking; but it had got off, as it were, to cold start.

My experience of chilled food is that one should always have whatever is to be roasted or, for that matter, grilled, at room temperature for at least an hour before it is to be cooked. Her grouse, it seemed to me, had not been treated in this way. In the early days after the war I encountered similar instances with quick-frozen poussins, which we could buy when there was little or no other young poultry about. Always—to begin with, at least—I follow the instructions on the packet. When I discovered that never could I get a nice gold tone on those chickens if they were placed in the oven still frozen, as directed, I abandoned the method and allowed at least twelve hours for defrosting.

On one occasion, when sitting down to a cold luncheon in a huge marquee, I was served with half a poussin which was as grey as grey could be. The guest on my right remarked that he did not think much of the presentation. My reply was that, as the birds had most likely been frozen ones, the caterers had simply followed the instructions on the packets—and had cooked before they thawed.

THIS brings me back to my remark about the taking-off of chill from food. Folk often tell me that they cannot grill a steak satisfactorily—that is, crisp on the outside and underdone inside—for, by the time the surface is nice and brown, the interior is overdone. One rule is to remove the steaks or chops from the refrigerator well in advance of grilling them. Another is to spoon a little melted butter over the meat before placing it as close up as possible to the very hottest grill. Butter browns more quickly than olive oil.

A trick I have adopted is to sprinkle just a suspicion of flour on the melted butter. This also helps to brown fish quickly. A wet surface must first be dried off a little before it can begin to brown and the flour does help. This is my own idea. If you feel very strongly about it, do not take it as correct. It is, however, one way to produce a "blue" steak with a fairly crisp outside. Salt, in every case, is added last of all.

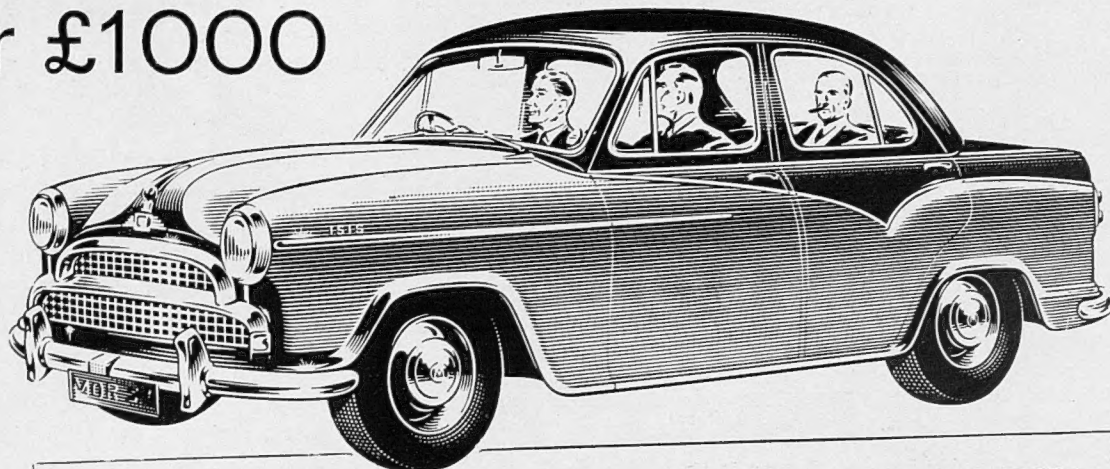
Incidentally, no one can grill a thin steak or chop. It must be at least an inch thick—and the thicker the better. But it can be cooked another way, of course. Use a cast-iron or cast-aluminium pan. Get it terrifically hot—rub it with a mere smear of fat—and slap the steak or chop down on to it. Sear it on both sides, and it is ready for those who like it practically raw inside. Give it a little longer for those who like meat pretty rare.

—Helen Burke

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from **SOUTH AFRICA**

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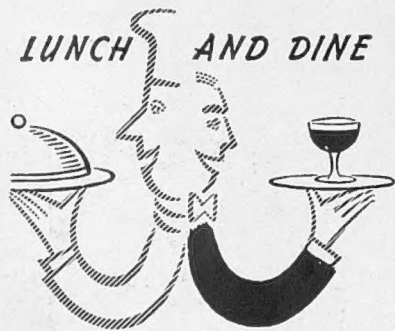
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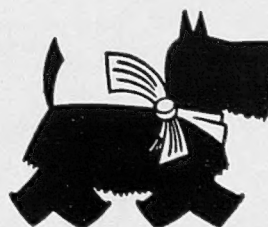
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